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LAYS
OF
SOUTH AFRICA.
BY
STAFFORD CRUKSHANKS,



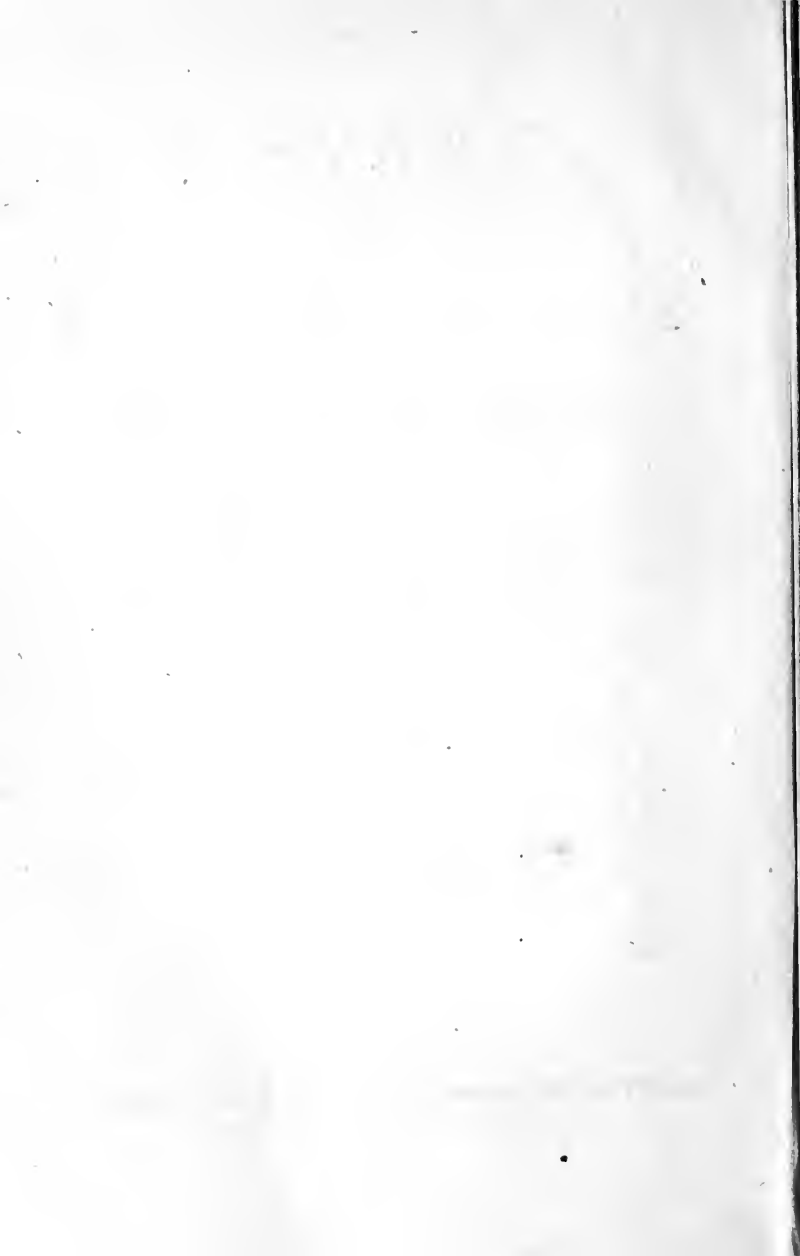
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LAYS OF SOUTH AFRICA.



LAYS
OF
SOUTH AFRICA
ON TOPICS PRINCIPALLY MODERN.

BY
STAFFORD CRUIKSHANKS.

Author of "Predestination," "Tales," &c.

IMPROVED EDITION—COMPLETE.

"I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments,
And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride,"
Milton.

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1881.



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PREFACE.

MY SOUTH AFRICAN LAYS have all been written in South Africa, and are so far, at least, true to their title, as most of them will also be found in other respects. The exceptions will not, perhaps, offend by number or irrelevancy. This I wish to say without claiming any particular acquaintance with the country, or knowledge of it, beyond what is within the reach of any observer not remarkable for dulness. Yet some things in this book may appear new, even to South African readers; many of whom may not know, till informed here, that the "Meteor Scene" was a reality, or that "Bog-na-fin"—of disputed etymology—is a suburb of Grahamstown.

A heartfelt desire shall be accomplished if any good, in the way of instruction or even of amusement, can in this way be imparted to the Reading Public, especially the young, whose approbation has already gone far towards making me indifferent to the dictum of professional fault-finders, to whom literary criticism is pretty much what politics was to CRAIG in "ADAM BEDE"—a thing rather of assumed than actual intuition. Surely, reader, it has often struck you as somewhat anomalous, that while not one in

ten thousand is a poet, almost every man is a critic? Is it worthy of Nature to fancy that she works so irregularly?

From the true critic little, indeed, is to be apprehended. Where he cannot approve, he censures with fairness. If too much in fashion to countenance a living BANIM, or CLARE, or CLARENCE MANGAN, he is also too humane to wish him dead. He can, and doubtless will, in the present instance make some allowance for efforts prosecuted amid the duties of more than one arduous calling, and in the face of difficulties and obstructions not to be recounted here. It may possibly be asked if I desire any comparison with men like those named above; but the enquirer will please divide with me the responsibility of replying. He may himself be a pursuer of knowledge under difficulties, and certainly not the less so, though a rigid investigation should have the effect of proving him inferior to Archimedes—I mean, of course, in success! Every warrior cannot easily conquer an old world, nor every explorer discover a new one.

Still there exists a certain literary exclusiveness. Poetry is not recognised in our midst. Distance must “lend enchantment to the view.” Some would seem to believe that the “count” of poets is made up, and that the “bright roll”—as Keats expresses it—“is in Apollo’s hand.” Others are exclusive in a different way; we have seen what its writer called an “Essay on Three Living Poets,” which essay is proscriptive enough in its very title. But really if criticism of this character be worth anything,

we should have more of it. What, for instance, would our essayist think of a dissertation on "Three Living Physicians," "Three Living Divines," or "Three Living Soldiers?" Should he find such production written to his own exclusion—assuming him to be an Esculapian, an ornament to Holy Orders, or an officer of the line—is there nothing which *his* next critique would have to urge against narrow-mindedness, Fadladeen intolerance, and so forth? The criticisms of Luke Milbourne may convince us that Dryden was not Virgil; but we know, without any criticism at all, that the reverend critic himself was not Paul, nor yet Augustine.

To mere word-critics, as a body, I must confess as a certain amount of indifference, till I am informed what book, document, or composition is sacred to them; and an equal indifference to censors of another order, who discover that my sentiments on Temperance do not tally with those enunciated in a few camp ditties, penned in earlier life. If they are foes—as some one has said of similar aasailants—let them enjoy their triumph; and if friends, they will be glad of my reformation.

A few words on the question of responsibility may be added here. No line or sentence ever finds its way into my publications by dictation or advice. It is all very fine for men to pretend to have written for their own amusement, and published by the solicitation of friends, or to counteract spurious Editions, &c. I, at all events, shall not try to deceive anyone by such-like artifices, which, after

all, cannot deceive so very many! No man writes who is not conscious of abilities of some sort, and quite as vain of them as any *friends* can be. Instances I forbear citing.

For the good cause of Truth, I cannot but feel humiliated in having done so little! To have projected great things may have been among my earlier fancies; but who can recall the past or trust to the future? For the present, kind reader, whether in South Africa or elsewhere, I say Farewell; wishing you all happiness. *Veritas vos in libertatem vindicabit.*

KINGWILLIAMSTOWN, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE,

SOUTH AFRICA, 1881.



CONTENTS.

First Series.

	PAGE
PREFACE	v
LAY THE FIRST (INTRODUCTION)	1

PASTORALS.

I. Bog-na-fln	4
II. Voluntaryism	14
III. Blacks and Whites	17
IV. Teddy on Tramp	20
V. September in Africa	23
VI. The Lamented Settler	26

EPISTLES.

I. The Land of Burns	30
II. To the Honourable W. Porter	32
III. To a Lady	35
IV. To Another	36

MISCELLANEOUS.

I. The Poet's Vision	37
II. Patronage: An Ode	38
III. The Bard's Plea: A Lyric Ballad	39
IV. The Dead Ostrich	40
V. The Southern Cross	42
VI. The Meteor Scene	43
VII. The Suicide	44
VIII. The Hymn, "Te Deum," Versified	46
IX. On the Opening of the Douglas Reservoir	47
X. Hector and Ajax	49

MISCELLANEOUS—*Continued.*

PAGE

XI. Jack Ketch	51
XII. The Martyr's Dream	52
XIII. Lines to a Young Student	53
XIV. Satire on Apologists	53
XV. The Vision of Lintot	54
XVI. Elegy on the Supposed Death of Livingstone	56
XVII. Livingstone Alive!	57
XVIII. Ode on the Arrival of Prince Alfred	59
XIX. Bussell's Escape	61
XX. The Musing Millionaire	62

SONGS.

I. The Purling Rill	65
II. The Mexican Martyr	66
III. The Overland Rout(e)	68
IV. The Albany Hall	69
V. Prospect Place	70
VI. The Dutch Wars	72
VII. The New Dodge	73
VIII. South African Prospects in 1870	75

 Second Series.

PASTORALS.

I. Street Loafers	77
II. New Church at Oatlands	84

MISCELLANEOUS.

I. British Settlers' Year of Jubilee	88
II. Elijah at Horeb	92
III. The Avaricious Peeler	93
IV. The Holy Storeman	96
V. Lines on Woodroffe's Glass Steam Engine	99
VI. The Great Dentist	100
VII. Death's Curate, WILL	101
VIII. The Velocipede	102

MISCELLANEOUS—*Continued.*

PAGE

IX. St. George and the Dragon	103
X. The Cape Reformer	104
XI. Dives Redivivus	106
XII. To Dives at Home	107
XIII. The Kirk's New Alarm	109
XIV. The Philistine Location	111
XV. Stanzas to the Honourable W. Porter	113
XVI. Primate Gray's Successor	114
XVII. Case of Mr. T. Leonard	115
XVIII. Temperance Alphabetical Rhyme	117

SONGS.

I. The Boys of the Vaal	118
II. The Diamond Diggers' Ditty	119
III. The Post Office Robbery	121

ELEGIAC POEMS.

I. The Imperial Collapse	123
II. On the Announced Death of Marshal Macmahon	125
III. The Fall of Paris	126
IV. On the Death of E. Atherstone	128
V. On a Child	130
VI. Alicia	131
VII. Lavinia	132
VIII. On the Demise of A. O. Wood	133
IX. Sacred to the Memory of T. Langford	135
X. Philip the Just	137

 Third Series.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I. Volunteering	139
II. Who's Who in Grahamstown	142
III. Isandala !	145
IV. Horatio and Emmeline	146

MISCELLANEOUS—*Continued.*

	PAGE
V. The Pilgrim Insolvent	149
VI. Ode on Seeing a MS. Letter of Burns	151
VII. Elegy on Mr. H. Lynar	153
VIII. Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. W. B. Chalmers	155
IX. Answer to Legend of Decanus	157
X. On the Death of an Infant	159
XI. On Another Infant	160
XII. On Woodroffe's Glass Steam Engine	161
XIII. The Monarchs of England	162
XIV. Cyprus: an Ode	163
XV. Bar Portraits	165
XVI. Enigma	166
XVII. Enigma	167
XVIII. Enigma	168
XIX. Petition to a Licensing Board	169
XX. The Wonderful Baby	171
XXI. On the Death of the Honourable W. Porter	173
XXII. The Modern Busy Bee	175

SONGS.

I. The Good Templar's Song	176
II. The Tortured Ox	178
III. The Mormon's Lament	180
IV. Algoa Bay	182
Epigrams	184
The Taproom Discussion	196
Finis	215



LAYS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

First Series.

LAY THE FIRST.

INTRODUCTION.

ISLE OF SAINTS !—'tis as yesterday,
I took sad leave of thy mountains gay ;
Which I still behold, by a deathless spell,
My heart, at least, never bade thee farewell !
Canaan of hope, from this Pisgah seen,
Thou Paradise, with a gulf between ;
I love to bless thee, far, far away,—
With a heart whose fondness will ne'er decay :
With a memory, nought can from thee estrange
Too much alive to the dismal change.
O, ever distant, yet ever near ;
For child of thine, what a land is here !

'Tis the land of Ham, where, as travellers say,
Less savage than man is the beast of prey ;
Where the stranger turns his sunken eye,
To a parched up veld, and a lurid sky ;
'Tis Libya, minus the oasis green,—
'Tis Araby's waste, where no manna is seen,—
'Tis the land of Ophir, without the gold,—
The land of sin and its fruits untold,—
Fresh native sin, and imported vice,
'Tis not my country ; let that suffice !

Yet fate nor chance shall forbid my hand,
 To strike the harp in a foreign land—
 And sound defiance to grim Despair—
 No land is foreign, while God is there;
 His paternal love, to one sect or tribe,
 My heart never learnt to circumscribe.

Does a mortal descent from Adam claim,
 Who, for rank or caste, I could praise or blame?
 Does a soul exist, in this earthly state,
 For his creed or clime, I could love or hate?
 No! the varied dyes of "sinner" and "saint."
 Every man, in my eyes, for himself must paint,—
 Mankind are the brethren of my love;
 My temple—the starry vault above.

Then, from Censure's shaft, or the frown of Pride,
 In the cause of Truth shall I turn aside?
 Or say, and unsay, to suit the times?
 Make crimes of virtues, and virtues of crimes?
 Or smile, or frown, as by fashions taught?
 For ever perish, unworthy thought!
 My muse shall end as she first begun,
 Though, in a myriad, she please but one;
 And patronage, from court or kraal,
 Shall honestly come, if it comes at all.

Hail Patronage! Muse of many a song;
 Whose palmier days to Utopia belong,—
 When shall Apollo stand or seem,
 High as Hephæstus in thy esteem?
 When shall thy votaries cease to conceal,
 The blessings of many a Barmecide meal?
 Sound, "mighty mother," your brass trombone!
 Even to Philomath make yourself known;
 Reward the toils he must undergo,
 Like Aladdin's feigned uncle, with a blow;
 Demand his lamp, yet refuse to save
 Its doomed possessor from a living grave.

Meantime, in a day, when siren Vice,
Would the hardy swain to her toils entice,
When the matron wise, and the bashful maid,
Has a Comus to baffle in every shade,—
When the heartless poisoner, in solitudes,
The ken of Justice no more eludes,—
But behind her ægis, his goblet fills,
And, in guise of friendship, his victim kills,—
At such a time would it not be well
Some captive to save from the Circean spell—
Hunt out the den of the poison cheer,
And write on its portals:—“*Come not here!*”

Such task be mine,—the sublimer muse—
In saloons and camps may her heroes choose,—
In strains as lofty as Homer's sing,
The fall of the Ethiopian King,—
How immense Columbia,—sage and brave,
Has stooped to unshackle her meanest slave,
Or haply predict, in holier strain,
The triumph of freedom on land and main.
Prediction blest! may it echo far,
From the morning sun to the vesper star;
Till the kings of earth their contentions cease,
And rival our Queen in the arts of Peace.

In the strife abroad, betwixt Good and Ill,
There's a side to be chosen—a task to fulfil;
And regardless what hand would seem to prevail,
We must not halt between God and Baal.
Then Muse, awake! to old age and youth,
Sound a note, at least, in the cause of Truth!
Survey thy task, and improve the boon,—
We have right on our side; we'll have fashion soon.



PASTORALS.

I.

BOG-NA-FIN.

PART I.

THE rosy god, a spree in New-street wills—
 And many a tap its spicy foam distils:
 What time our Outspan lingers near the kloof,
 And ditties echo to the starry roof.
 Oskar and Karl,—a tuneful Bog-na-Fin,
 Discuss the merits of Cape smoke and gin;
 Invoke the muses to a rhyming fray,
 And ask Tyce-jury to decide the day.

TYCE-JURY.

Commence, sweet choristers! I love to hear
 The rival melodies of voices clear;
 You've drank enough! now valiantly begin;
 The victor proud shall claim this flask of gin!

OSKAR.

High is the crescive moon—and higher far,
 If books tell truth—the nearest diamond star;
 But how much higher my devotion true,
 Immortal Bacchus! evermore to you!

KARL.

Sublime and lovely are the orbs of Night,
 And fairer yet, the heavens beyond our sight!
 Still heaven itself, and every hope of bliss,
 I dare forego, for such a night as this.

OSKAR.

A father's heart my first intemperance broke ;
A widowed mother sank beneath the stroke ;
Wife, sister, daughter, now bemoan my fall—
But, in this cup, I can forget them all.

KARL.

My parents both in raving horrors died ;
A sottish uncle was my early guide ;
His dying gasp a warning did proclaim—
I saw their path—yet venture on the same.

OSKAR.

You'll not believe it,—but a time has been,
When I had blushed to enter yon canteen !
And *now*, by Jove, in company with Ketch,
I there could swill, three evenings at a stretch.

KARL.

Like me!—When first I nibbled at a wet,
I scarce had nerve the tumbler to upset,
Now many a night in glorious Bog-na-Fin,
I've gone to Morphœus, on a quart of gin.

OSKAR.

I once was stinted to a glass per day ;
But for a week had nought to wet my clay ;
On Saturday I gulped, with heart elate,
Seven extra—for lost time to compensate.

KARL.

Myself was sworn, a year, to shun the drop—
Inside or outside a retailer's shop ;
So, on the threshold, bolt upright I drank,
Gin, beer, and rum, like water from the tank.

OSKAR.

The yielding Fair, who my acquaintance rue,
I proudly boast it !—have not been a few !
Yet I had failed, one victory to win,
In Cupid's field, without the aid of gin.

KARL.

A dame I boast, worth all your yielding tribe—
With virtue California could not bribe ;
We quarrelled yesterday ; and no amends,
Would either yield—till Bacchus made us friends.

OSKAR.

Bacchus divine ! what martyr at the stake
Endured the pangs I suffered for your sake ?
Curst town, I say ; a fellow can't get drunk,
But in he's shoved to that infernal tronk !

KARL.

Your hand, my chum ! last night I thought to lie,
Outside, till Sol should paint the Orient sky ;
Bright orb ! it visited my pillow damp :
Not smiling Phœbus, but the Bobby's lamp.

OSKAR.

What potent deity (come, tell me now ;
And I shall yield the laurels to your brow ;)
Reserves, at last, the horror of his woes,
For faithful friends—but smiles upon his foes ?

KARL.

I'll solve the riddle, when you tell to me
The name of that still greater deity,
That every sect is willing to adore,
Without one hypocrite, from shore to shore.

TYCE-JURY.

Knock off, my warblers,—you can sing so well,
The winning man it poses me to tell ;
A future bout your merits may decide,
The present prize between you I divide.

PART II.

A WEEK has passed; Tyce-jury, with delight,
 Has wiped his goblets for the bouting night;
 Surveyed his purse; the last half-sovereign changed—
 Hauled out the table, and the chairs arranged;
 Thanked all his stars that he is hale and young,
 Drank twice and swore, to tune his throat and tongue,
 Received his veld-schoens, from the snob Malay,
 Who, for a glass, defers the reckoning day.

[Shade of Anacreon! whose lays on wine,
 Hotels and Taprooms have pronounced divine!
 Forgive his choice, who must, while life endures,
 Prefer, sweet bard, his eyes and ears to yours.]

High Luna soars; Tyce-jury, from his pane,
 Smiles to that mistress of his soaring brain;
 Frowns at his visitors for their neglect—
 Who, entering soon, are hailed to this effect:—

TYCE-JURY.

Oskar and Karl: I'll thank you to relate,
 What month of Sundays longer must I wait?
 You've saved your distance; or I stoutly tell—
 This cork, the pair of you should never smell!
 Yon vile Malay, who cobbles in the kraal,
 Declares he saw you down at Temperance Hall—
 But that's a lie, to scandalise you both,
 The nigger knows, I'd disbelieve his oath.

OSKAR.

Suppose it true; are we not quite as free,
 To take a pledge, as you to take a spree?
 To will and do, the lawful right you claim;
 Then, to a neighbour, why refuse the same?

TYCE-JURY.

Bosh! are you daft—or do you think am I,
 To waste a moment on the stupid lie?
 If sign you *must*—fork out your owing tin;
 And show your backs to jovial Bog-na-Fin.

How could you face old Pink-proboscis John?
 Or talk to stumpy Gerald of "THE SWAN?"
 Or nephew Tim; the gayest soul alive—
 Whose Kowie waggon may to-night arrive?

KARL.

It has arrived!—Alas, poor nephew Tim,
 Brought back no waggon, but a waggon him!
 Sot!—never stare! you trained him well I think,—
 And, for your comfort, hear, he died by drink.

TYCE-JURY.

Have mercy, Karl! the cruel jest unsay,—
 That, for your welfare, I may ever pray!
 Say Tim's all right; and I can all forgive—
 Though you sign pledges every day you live.

KARL.

Talk you of prayer?—that too may be a jest;
 Your jokes of late are costly, I protest;
 Go, joke with Death,—and learn a final trick,—
 There's something yonder that will touch your quick.

TYCE-JURY.

Ah! had my dagger that relation slain,
 I less had writhed beneath the curse of Cain!
 Tim killed! O, Oskar! let me talk with you—
 And hear you hope the tale is yet untrue.

OSKAR.

Could words or hopes accomplish your desire—
 My heart or tongue no prompting should require;
 But Tim no more shall visit Bog na-Fin,—
 O, End untimely!—all through cursed gin!
 All day, I hear, to drive he seemed unfit;
 Yet, on the vehicle, contrived to sit,—
 The beardless leader begged him to get down,—
 Whose only answer was an angry frown,
 Drive, drive, he hies—with ghastly maniac face;
 On,—on!—at mad accelerated pace;

Crash! down he comes—the touch of Death to feel;
Cut through the midriff, with his waggon-wheel.

KARL.

Tyce-jury, shame! you vex me with those tears,
So much unsuited to your sex and years;
They're wise who mend!—forgotten be the Past;
Show friend and foe you dare be wise at last.

TYCE-JURY.

Farewell, to-night!—but friends, before you go,
Behold me smash these instruments of woe;
To-morrow night—you'll give a friendly call—
And our next bout shall be at Temperance Hall.

PART III.

IN tuneful, jovial, glorious Bog-na-Fin,
That chimes in verse so charmingly with gin,
The cry is up, of Bacchus having lost
A brace or trio of his standing host—
Who, in Tyce-jury's home, next smiling eve,
From Temperance Hall returning, quick receive,
Some quondam potmates—each ambitious first,
To hear good tidings, or to know the worst.
In mild debate the friends continue long,
But (used at partings to a social song),
Propose right rhymefully, a Tilting gay
Between Tyce-jury and the Snob Malay.

TYCE-JURY.

I'm all attention to your fair demands;
And freely leave it to a show of hands;
What! no dissentient? then I must agree—
If sport is baulked, it shall not be by me.

MALAY.

What boots it though in print my verses shine
If Europeans wont believe them mine?

"Tush!" they exclaim, "were you the book to kiss,
" 'Tis but the white man who can talk like this."

KARL.

Come! break a lance! who cares what strangers say?
Strike home and hard; our motto is fair play:
In business life, to hear sound sense displayed,
Knight of the last and awl! commend me to your trade.

OSKAR.

You umpire Karl,—award as best you can,
This pair of veldschoens to the winning man;
With my best wish that he may wear them long—
And hold the sway in love as well as song.

MALAY.

O, friend Tyce-jury! can you see the moon,
Now, round as SOL, but crescent-like full soon—
Without reflecting on the dismal change
That could your heart to Gerald's tap estrange?

TYCE-JURY.

Friend! I can gaze that glorious orb upon,
Without beholding two instead of one;
Yet fifty moons—let this not move your wrath—
Were little guidance in a drunkard's path.

MALAY.

That I'm a drunkard, stoutly I deny!
To prove me one, I all the world defy;
A groat per day is all I lately tope—
What call you this?—not drunkenness I should hope.

TYCE-JURY.

What call I this?—a child could prove it, clear
Six pounds, one shilling, and eight pence a-year,
I call it, friend, a suit from top to toe—
Or three months' rent,—no pleasant debt to owe.

MALAY.

Give me the man, whose cautious self-control,
Knows when to drink, and when to shun the bowl;
But emperor, peer, or peasant, I allege,
Drops human dignity, who signs a pledge.

TYCE-JURY.

Of dropping dignity tis vain to rave—
While fellow-men are dropping to the grave;
And worse—to infamy! nor care to stop,
Till Ketch conducts them to another drop.

MALAY.

The neighbours tell of a teetotaler once,
Who kept his pledge, like many a silly dunce,
He croaked; and ere they placed him under ground,
A lump of ice was in his stomach found.

TYCE-JURY.

They also name a thirsty child of Eve,
Who starved his wife, and sent the weans to thieve,
Gin stopped his breath! Post mortem skill was shown;
When, poking for his heart, they found a stone.

MALAY.

No better Christians—I could safely swear—
In Church or Chapel ever breathed a prayer
Than some, both in and out of Bog-na-Fin,
To whom the glass is a besetting sin.

TYCE-JURY.

Aye, Christians differ—we can all perceive,
Greek, Roman, English, variously believe—
White, black, or tawny; Christians I esteem;
But DRUNKEN Christians!! Surely, friend, you dream!

MALAY.

The prize I yield; nor grudge my otherthrow,
On such a field, to such a generous foe;
Another time I'll proudly meet you here;
Then, as a combatant, 'tis not so clear.

KARL.

O, brave surrender! worthy all applause!
No tongue of man could varnish such a cause;
Enough to-night, success to Temperance Hall;

OMNES.

Up with the pledge; and down with Alcohol.

PART IV.

To Bog-na-Fin we once again repair,
Though Karl and Oskar chime no longer there;
Nor yet Tyce-jury; all—even poor Malay,
For health have sought the Kowie or the Bay.

Here's Bog-na-fin! behold it left and right;
Like old Melrose, 'twere better viewed by night,
When, to its Bedlam bacchanalian coils,
Surrounding districts are so many foils.

'Tis said that dirt a pestilence will spread,
But that's a fib, else here they all were dead!
At every step, the eye surveys around,
Filth nameless; seventeen ounces to the pound.
Neuk, alley, pool, and stream, with every breeze,
Emit a perfume fit to smother bees;
Ox-entrails bleach, and lumps of carrion rot,
But ne'er seduce one vulture to the spot.

And Bog-na-Fin long musical has been!
'Tis, like the cuckoo, sooner heard than seen;
There no mistaking the symphonious din,
That marks, defines, and comforts Bog-na-Fin;
Fit residence for pink-proboscis John,
Or, at a push, for Gerald of "The Swan,"
Good men and true, here slandered in disguise,
So mutters Hyper, who mistakes or lies,
Whose grandsire Scrub indulged the flattering whim,
That none on earth could laugh, except at him.

Whose great-grand sire in honour would not yield,
To Titus Oates, Monteith, or Dangerfield;
Whose early ancestors still brighter shine,
Till high in Haman, culminates the line.

Great Hyper! he, from heraldry or sire,
Nor fame, nor prestige, does or can require;
Half clown, half critic, let him tread the scene,—
The mirrored photograph of Faladeen;
And kindly spare his turkey-cock abuse,
Of terms—for him—so luckily abstruse.

Come! see the walls where drunken scrivener Jones
Was burnt to death; I saw his cinder bones;
Rich and revered not many summers past,
This debt to alcohol he paid at last.
There, lower down, behold the fulsome sink,
Where navvy Reuby perished in his drink,
One midnight black, when gold and sense were gone,
Whirled out adrift, by Gerald of "The Swan."

Convenient, too, was found the Native child.
Alive, with stones upon its bosom piled;
Nor distant, far, the corpse of Katberg Ned,
Who, from its trunk, half severed his own head.

See, yonder hovels, scattered up and down,
The nuisance, curse, and gossip of the town;
Where flushed Intemperance and Seduction keep
Their nights for revelry, their days for sleep,—
And beardless youth unblushingly retires,
To such morality as gin inspires.

Fitz-Momus passes! 'Tis not every day,
A sight so rare adorns our chequered way;
Shod, combed, and tailored off—in style as fine,
As circus monkey, or a barber's sign—
One tufty corner of his face sustains,
A polished meerschaum, that would hold his brain;
A left-side tuft, this genius of the Cape,
Delights in twisting to a needle shape—

His cat-eye spectacles appear designed,
 To advertise—that Nature made him blind.
 But blind or blindfold, he can poke his way;
 In Bog-na-Fin, where night, to him, is day;
 There reign and revel, none his claims refuse,
 As worshipful Knight-errant of the Stews.
 Talk not of statutes; none we have can bind
 This man of straw, this libel on his kind;
 Whose history proves that, spite of laws and kings,
 Small rogues wear gyves, and great ones diamond rings!

For thee, sad suburb; is there no repair?
 No balm in Gilead—no physician there?
 Yes! close the tap-room! with unsparing hand
 Wipe out the plague-spot from a blighted land.
 Son, father, brother! join the grand crusade;
 Wife, mother, daughter! lend your gentle aid,
 Till want and woe, from every dwelling fly,
 And all your Bog-na-Fins, with scenes Ionian vie.

 II.

VOLUNTARYISM.

THE streets in Grahamstown show a fair array
 Of Church attendants,—’tis the Sabbath day;
 No party note the azure welkin swells,
 Nor sound discordant, save the rival bells;
 Blest harmony! more truly dear to few,
 Than neighbour Walter, late of the Karroo;
 Who, by his side, espies his schoolmate Piet,
 And him, in accents bland, essays to greet:—

WALTER.

Good morning, friend! we meet this holy day,
 By Poets styled, “Time’s couch,” “Care’s balm and bay,”
 And “Torch of Time,”—how abject and unblest,
 Were fallen man, without such day of rest!

PIET.

'Tis Sunday true: released from labour's thrall,
Touched by its sacred spell, we're brothers all;
God's holiday, of which even brutes partake,—
Would such as you were statesmen for its sake!

WALTER.

Vain wish! let fortune evermore assign
This statesmanship to wiser heads than mine;
Yet, I'd be autocrat, if but to see,
From State control, our honoured Sabbath free.

PIET.

I doubt it, Walter: and believe you jest,—
Nay, let the State uphold our day of rest.
That liberty of conscience we so vaunt,
To Sabbath-breakers Moses did not grant.

WALTER.

High ground you take,—which flatly I refuse—
While it remains that we are Christians and not Jews;
Willing, I trust, in this enlightened day,
To give the Voluntary System play.

PIET.

Ha, "Voluntary System!" Ten to one
You've got this hint from Gerald of "The Swan;"
Our voluntary sovereigns cram his till,
While that in Church with pence we cannot fill.
Thus Penny-wise-pound-foolish, on we tend,
Though, on our bounty, Priest and Dean depend;
Good luck they pray, and be assured, at last,
Without the State they'd often have to *fast*.

WALTER.

You can't forget that the Apostles all
Were poor as Lazarus, from John to Paul;
Their better minds were fixed on things above,—
'Twas only Demas who the world could love.

PIET.

Profound logician! Poor they were, we know,
Your Herods and your Neros kept them so!
Ah, have *we* no adorers of the Bank,
Who, with Caligula, himself should rank?

WALTER.

Let Saints feed Saints; and worldlings, worldlings feed;
What right has Sacerdos to force his creed
On grovelling Dives, or exact his dues,
Of one who never occupies his pews?

PIET.

The less I lie! So, you would meanly, then,
Ignore the toils of self-denying men,
Who more contribute to protect the peace
Than all your boasted army and police.
Short time could Dives, undeterred by dread,
On his soft pillow lay his softer head,
But for the men who thanklessly reveal
Heaven's will, in the command:—"Thou shalt not steal."

WALTER.

In mother country this may all be well;
You're now in Africa, I beg to tell;
Where Zulu, Kafir, Fingo, or Malay,
Wont thank you for a law that forces them to pay.

PIET.

To them, how kind of you! but if you will
Go somewhat farther, and be kinder still;
Return to Europe, from your darling Black,
And keep your health till he invites you back.

WALTER.

Enough of such; I only long to see,
The Church in primitive simplicity;
Meantime, companion, give me leave to hate
A law that binds religion to the State;
Let every class be willing, as they ought,
To pay the men by whom divinely taught.

FIET.

Amen, say I!—for such millennial day,
 I join with all who most devoutly pray;
 In London, Petersburg, Geneva, Rome,
 Or Africa; Heaven grant it soon may come!
 But in *our* day, to build the walls divine,
 The sword and trowel must, I fear, combine.

WALTER.

O, friend! I feel, by th' arguments you bring,
 "Almost persuaded," like the Jewish King;
 Unhappy priests; expected to endure
 Privations numberless, yet feed the poor!
 Besieged with paupers, I should like to know,
 If unsupported, what they can bestow!
 Hark! to adore *our* Prophet, King, and Priest,
 'Tis time to enter now; the bells have ceased.

III.

BLACKS AND WHITES.

ALFRED AND HENDRICK.

ALFRED.

The Bay to Grahamstown! Miles some eighty-four;
 Or, by my reckoning, half a dozen more;
 No commendation we esteem self-praise,
 Else I should boast to've tramped it in two days!

HENDRICK.

Your senior far, I've lately done the same;
 Yet, to some merit, understand your claim.
 Rough roads apart, your bed and board I guess,
 Were Anglo-African,—no more nor less;

Come tell me all, beneath this juicy boom,
Whose velvet tassels, like carnations, bloom.

ALFRED.

Of arid landscapes what have I to tell ?
What charms can I invent, for every snaky dell ?
How gravely state, that, every rugged mile,
Pipe-craving Natives hailed me with a smile—
Clutched thankless what I gave, but, if refused,
White folks, at large, with nameless oaths abused ?
Why tell of dwellings that, at distance seem,
To fainting travellers like a lover's dream ?
You come, beg water, which, without remorse,
Is quick denied, except you ride a horse !

HENDRICK.

Now this to hear adds nothing to my lore—
Long ere to-day, I knew it all before ;
But say, how fared you when the sinking sun
In peace proclaimed your first day's journey done ?
Where laid my friend when sleep assailed his eyes ?
Beneath a roof, or the inclement skies ?
Oft was my lullaby the rippling stream—
Without a smile, save in the lunar beam.

ALFRED.

My kindly namesake in Athelney's isle,
Could fare as hard, and tune his harp the while,
But (worth your pleasantry !) the night you mean,
Surpassed all nights in Africa I've seen !
Close by an outspan, as I bent my way,
Unsparing Morpheus hinted me to stay.
A Kafir troop, invincible as Mars,
Had bivouacked there, in sight of moon and stars :
Killed, flayed, and roasted an enormous beast,
Nor lacked Boer brandy, to conclude the feast.
One dollar for my lodging here I paid,
And soon my limbs beneath a waggon laid,—

Heard, ere I slept, the gluttons plan to tell
The waggon owner how his bullock fell
And smashed its thigh, *et cetera!* He might chide,
They'd stop his mouth by shewing him the hide.
To all, next morning, 'twas a source of fun,
As off they started,—oxen minus *one*.

HENDRICK.

Minus *but one!* A lucky owner, too!
The marvel is, what power protected you.
Some prayer has sheltered you from peril's blast,
Or—friend of mine—that sleep had been your last.

ALFRED.

Plain facts I state, nor inferences draw:
Yet, next to Providence, I thank the law,
Which points assassins to a doom unblest,
And makes their fears a safety for our rest.
No mystery this; however white men fare,
These live like Kings, and cannot live on air—
In highways, byeways, in and out of doors,
They lounge about—in twos, and threes, and fours—
Prepared alike to supplicate for bread,
Or kiss your feet, or knock you on the head.
If sentenced to imprisonment condign,
Still happy in the option of a fine;
You talk to them of work, and I'm a flat,
If, to succeed, you must not doff your hat.
Perhaps I wrong them, but must still declare,
My firm belief they do not live on air.

HENDRICK.

I fancy not! Old Mozambique Faltain
Has bolted with my ten pound watch and chain:
Last month you saw me hire him for his keep—
To get some mealies planted on the cheap;
Now, Alfred, hark!—far from me to insult,—
But you're responsible for this result:
You knew the rascal, a convicted thief,
Yet let me find the secret to my grief.

ALFRED.

Just so, let all my parsimonious friends,
 Prove, like yourself, where such vile cheapness ends—
 With their misfortunes can I sympathize,
 While Europeans starve before my eyes?
 But is it true what folks begin to say,
 That o'er Basutoland the Queen holds sway?

HENDRICK.

True, Alfred, true! Basutoland's annexed—
 With aimless warfare long enough perplex.
 May Blacks and Whites, on this benighted shore,
 Learn peaceful arts, and rob and fight no more;
 Soon rich prosperity shall bless the scene,
 And tongues unnumbered shout, "Long live the Queen."

IV.

TEDDY ON TRAMP.

A PLAIN extends, high Drakenstein beneath—
 Weird as Panama, or "the blasted heath;"
 Where swarthy faces bask in Pleasure's ray,
 And Europeans pine or turn away;
 Turn from the sapless oaks, that parch and rot,
 Suggestive emblems of no distant lot!
 Unmoved, the mandate of their baleful star,
 By Fortune's tide, or Idol's avatar.
 Here Celtic Teddy, on a winter morn,
 And wealthy Vanderdyke, colonial born—
 Prolate, full loud, their heterogèneal views,
 On War and Peace—Employment and the News.

VANDERDYKE.

Our number's full; I did not speak untrue,
 When I declared there was no work for you.
 Since, to your heart, Old Erin is so dear,
 What swept you out, to seek employment here?

TEDDY.

Whate'er it was, I thank you for the boon—
This you may sing, when you can find a tune :
Yet few, even here, my ramblings should upbraid.
Were all our Dutch great Holland to invade.

VANDERDYKE.

My contract work is done by coloured men—
I told you once, and tell you now again ;
What brings you, foreigners, to pester me,
For food or work—I can't exactly see.

TEDDY.

Of course you can't ; true subject of my Queen !
Your world begins and ends at Drakenstein ;
Still many a Boer, of less pretension, knows
Victoria's friends from her inveterate foes.

VANDERDYKE.

Your deep acquirements should have better paid—
Nor left you trusting to the pick and spade ;
But—I'll have patience !—tell me once for all,
What brought you fellows to our shores at all ?

TEDDY.

To fight your battles, Ingrate ! when the test
Of Kafir warfare proved you second best ;
When veld and vley resounded with the cry :—
“ O, England ! save us from the Assegai ! ”
Redcoats had then a charm for you untold :
Their every wearer worth his weight in gold.
My pride it was no duty to refuse—
No thirsty march, with blood in both my shoes ;
No midnight onset in the pelting rain—
No fell pursuit o'er kloof or miry plain—
No wakeful watch your property to guard—
But all's forgot, and this is my reward.

VANDERDYKE.

A thousand plagues your Kafir wars confound!
 Our limbs, in mercy, leave us hale and sound;
 The yarn's a stale one; give us something new—
 When war returns we'll doubtless send for you.

TEDDY.

Heart-splitting kindness—undeserved by me!
 You'll wrong the friends which here employed I see;
 Let Fick or Kreli in your wars prevail—
 No breath of mine should ever turn the scale.

VANDERDYKE.

I guessed as much. Your most untimely gall
 Bespeaks a heart disloyal, after all;
 Your wordy loyalty I know by rote,
 And hold as worthless as your piebald coat.

TEDDY.

Unlucky coat! its patches are my sins!
 And you are spotless; let him laugh who wins.
 Yet why remind me of your ball-room cloth?
 You'll die some day, and leave it to the moth.
 In wardrobe fineries I'll stand parade,
 With many a coxcomb when his debts are paid—
 So hug your bankruptcy; nor play the fool,
 In tempting me to stir the fetid pool.
 Concerning loyalty, I'd also spare,
 Your purse-proud insolence and folly rare;
 Aye, wanton falsehood, I too much despise,
 Your wordy loyalty to criticise;
 Which all men know evaporates in boasting,
 Flash signatures, and Public-dinner-toasting;
 Wars come and go, whatever power may win,
 Somehow you move in an unbroken skin;
 Enjoy this Eden, while your Angel nigh,
 Serenely breathes: "Thou shalt not surely die."
 Refuse employment to the men who bled
 For you and yours, employing foes instead;

True Irish loyalty impugn, impeach—
Nay, on yourself have pity I beseech!
Our loyalty we stoop not, shallow friend,
Against your alien slander to defend.

VANDERDYKE.

You've had your answer; trouble me no more!
The day is stormy; let me close my door.

TEDDY.

Close, lock, and bolt it, till disturbed by me—
While strength holds out, I'll journey to the sea,
Add one in number to the sons of toil,
Now quitting your inhospitable soil,—
Dance to the symphony of Ocean's roar,
And work my passage to a friendlier shore.

V.

SEPTEMBER IN AFRICA.

JOUBERT AND ISHMAEL.

JOUBERT.

You'll see my gardens! few more neatly tilled;
With annual seeds, the vacant spaces filled.
Larkspur, gaillardia, mignonette, sweet pea,
Phlox, candytuft, and such as need from me
But little care—including ten-week stocks,
Which thrive in drills as well as pot or box.
Globe amaranthus, zinnias, coxcombs too—
And such like tender annuals, not a few,
Beneath the glass I've sown with extra care,
Till fit for planting in the open air.

ISHMAEL.

No hour is lost in afternoons like these,
Employed in grafting peach and orange trees;

Your Boers, in grafting, many a mode may test,
 But, of them all, rind-grafting is the best.
 Apple and pear stocks may be managed well,
 Whene'er the sprouting buds begin to swell;
 Just then the bark lifts freely from the wood,
 The time is opportune; the labour good.

JOUBERT.

Carrots and parsnips, with my nicest art,
 I've sown in drills about one foot apart.
 But say what pleases you, I find it meet,
 To sow broadcast the turnip and the beet.
 Dwarf kidney beans I'll now begin to sow,
 Two inches deep; two feet between each row;
 The seeds apart four inches; Rhubarb seed,
 Spinach and celery must go down with speed;
 Potatoes also; on the whole I try,
 For rainy weather to put something by.

ISHMAEL.

Here we invert the wisdom that would say:—
 "Be wise! save something for a rainy day;"
 Cape rainy days we find, and not the dry,
 Produce that *something* which we should lay by,
 Strange country this! a leafless, stormy June!
 September comes! but where's the Harvest-moon
 To crown the fields, as harvest crowns the year?
 Ah, we've the moon, but not the harvest here!
 Christmas arrives, to banish care and woe,
 We miss the skating and the mistletoe;
 We miss—nor pleasantly the want endure,
 The good old hills of Shakspeare, Burns, and Moore.

JOUBERT.

Suppose we do; here's Africa instead—
 And "half a loaf is better than no bread;"
 Fly sorrow! Here, or in a wilder clime,
 I know of two, who'll try to live their time.

ISHMAEL.

'Tis so ! Life's tragedy must flounder on,
Through Act the Fifth—short work and quickly done !
We choose our parts ; and should not seek relief,
In early suicide, for such is grief.

JOUBERT.

My grief's the drought ; to vanish soon I trust,
That shower this morning hardly laid the dust ;
The clouds were hopeful, and I fondly thought
The change of moon a torrent should have brought.

ISHMAEL.

That lunar agency affects the rain,
Is, in my judgment, anything but plain ;
For such an influence must needs appear,
In sameness of effect, to all the hemisphere.
But look at facts ; beyond a nightly dew,
No rain is known in Chili or Peru ;
In Egypt little,—while on Nubia's plains,
Long months each year, incessantly it rains.
Here at the Cape you've seen, and so have I,
Whole moons and moons, the landscape parched and dry
While no geographer pretends to name,
Two separate countries watered both the same ;
Such facts—and others—will not tally soon,
With theories of rain affected by the moon.

JOUBERT.

No distant countries care I to explore,
For truths which come spontaneous to my door :
Where twenty times I've watched, and not in vain,
At lunar changes for returning rain !
The moon has changed,—and we've had rain to-day.

ISHMAEL.

Agreed, Joubert ! But was it at the Bay ?
Or St. Helena ? Singapore ? Natal ?
Or Wynberg, where the moon has changed as well ?

Coincidence is much—nor seems it strange,
 Since every week brings round some lunar change,
 That men attribute to such changes here,
 What comes as frequent, when no change is near;
 Our old folks did so, and of course, 'tis hard,
 Their sacred whims at once to disregard;
 You have my thinkings; but we shall not batter,
 Each other's heads about "a moonshine matter."

JOUBERT.

Whatever agency brings rain, I vow,
 'Tis not unmindful of our welfare now;
 See, see! the gum trees higher up the dale,
 Rock to and fro, like ship-masts in a gale!
 Hark, how the thunder vibrates to the poles;
 Through Heaven's dread conclave awfully it rolls.
 Flash after flash, the heaving welkin rends—
 It comes—the soaking element descends!
 Yon ruined mill invites us half an hour—
 Or less perchance,—'tis but a thundershower.

VI.

THE LAMENTED SETTLER.

A FUNERAL EPILOGUE.

(Sacred to the Memory of Charles Webb, Sen., of Grahamstown.)

SAMPSON AND WILLIAM.

SAMPSON.

Our crape's a libel on the graveyard scene,
 Where Nature dyes no darker hue than green;
 Where—from corruption—in perennial bloom,
 Sweet emblems of our resurrection come.
 Where Faith and Hope their hallowed ensigns spread—
 The justifying white; the atoning red;

Restrain your sorrow; bow to Heaven's behest;
Are you unhappy that our friend's at rest?

WILLIAM.

Friend Webb has left us! that my voice or eyes,
Betray the grief, I seek not to disguise;
If this be wrong, I err with thousands more,
For all who knew him must his loss deplore.

SAMPSON.

Yet stand admonished! here we've had a man,
Whose years exceeded the allotted span;
Whose eyes had never—with some pride we tell—
Seen one who wished him otherwise than well;
Who passed through life unanxious—unperplexed—
Not weary of this world, yet ready for the next;
Who Christian-like, beheld his end unmoved,
Save by their tears who his dear virtues loved.
With such an end who would not be content?
For such 'tis almost impious to lament!

WILLIAM.

'Tis for the living, not the dead we grieve—
As heirs of hope, we tearfully believe;
Still, what a loss! Ah, might we, honoured friend,
From your example learn to meet our end!
Or, in our loss, could we behold thy gain,
With eye of faith—not salveless were the pain.
Why, to our bosoms, seems the truth unknown,
That your cold pillow soon shall be our own?

SAMPSON.

O, had his memory been to us less dear,
And fewer weepers touched his honoured bier!
Some to that bier a ghastly journey took,
And yet returned without a parting look.

WILLIAM.

Perchance 'twas well—they could have seen but clay—
The voice—the smile—the spirit—where were they?

SAMPSON.

Where Heaven disposed. Most happily indeed,
Annihilation is not in our creed!
Voice—spirit—smile—yes, William, every trace,
Of his identity has found a place
In purer regions! Far beyond the reign
Of time and sorrow—friends shall meet again.

WILLIAM.

Consoling hope! the destiny of man,
'Tis gracious Heaven's prerogative to plan;
Ours to submit: but, friend, your aged heart,
Requires the solace that you would impart!
Dear was our friend to old and young who knew
His stainless life, but doubly so to you;
You knew the veteran SETTLER, without doubt,
In eighteen-twenty, when he first came out.

SAMPSON.

Yes, he was of that adventurous band
Who came as "Settlers" to this distant land;
And well and worthily, with heart and mind,
He bore the part by Heaven to him assigned.
Meek—unassuming, almost to a fault—
Above himself his neighbour to exalt,
His aim it seemed! O, I begin to feel,
Not half a century could his worth reveal.

WILLIAM.

First Settlers, hail! who braved an untried clime,
In what I've learned to call the olden time!
Undaunted Israelites—to hold your way
Against this Canaan's kings and beasts of prey.
Compared with yours, what were the victories won,
By Caleb's brother, or the son of Nun?
Moved by no vengeful mandate from above,
Yours was a conquest, not of hate, but love—
From Dan to Beersheba, despising loss,
To rear aloft the standard of the Cross!

True stalwart heroes! Years twice twenty-five
Have passed away, yet some of you survive;
Long, long may Providence protract their days,
To higher honours than our humble praise!
Long, may they live to reap in sheaves of gold,
The seed they've sown—five, ten, an hundred-fold;
Nor die till each, even as the Uzzite hoar,
Sees sons, and son's sons, generations four;
Such be their fortunes; such their joy's increase,
Their lives a dream of hope; their end an end of peace.

SAMPSON.

And for ourselves:—Heaven make our latter end
No worse than that of our departed friend.
Peace to his memory! For a world like this
Is, after all, no seat of final bliss;
Henceforth, no more his blest departure mourn,
We'll go to him—but he shall not return.



EPISTLES.

I.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

TAKE back your Quarto, friend, I do not choose
 This "Land of Burns" to harbour or peruse;
 What Burns is this—a sage might ask, perplext,
 Whose name for Quartos can supply a text?
 Some Tell, some Bruce—he'd confidently bet,
 To whom some country felt a weight of debt.

Who'd have suspected, Bedlam walls outside,
 An Ayrshire ploughman was the man implied?
 A slave to friendship—rhymes and politics—
 That Scotland starved in seventeen-ninety six!
 Who landless, friendless, penniless, and pale,
 Eked out his last—in peril of a gaol;
 A fate averted on his dying day,
 By "trifles" lent, a tailor's bill to pay.
 What land had *he* to make all this ado?
 Ten miles of landscape? Nay, six feet by two.
 This, *this* was all he, dying, could command—
 But now he's dead—and Scotland gives him land:
 So up with Scotia! 'tis a dear mamma
 To her bard-bairnie! Burns's land! Ha, ha!

Beshrew thee, Stepdame! think you, is it well,
 In thy great E'nbrugh gentry and thysel,
 With lands and livings to insult the shade
 Of one who dying sought in vain your aid?
 Lang syne you strove, in stepdame consequence,
 To make his condemnation your defence:
 Long tried his fame and character to blot,
 With appellations vile as "rake and sot;"

Your lavish tongue besmeared them heavy thick
 On his high brow, but none of them would stick,
 Nor hide one leaf of his immortal bay,
 Like every dog, poor Slander had its day!

‘ We wrong thee, Slander, there’s a viler still,
 Your fangs may wound, but Flattery’s darts can kill,
 The brow why envy that her wreath adorns?
 Heaven help the wearer and his crown of thorns,
 Whether, with Crabbe, he binds the sacred stole,
 Or quaffs, with Chatterton, the poison bowl,
 He sees the wielder of the pick and spade,
 For every hour in independence paid;
 Recounts the efforts of his tuneful lyre,
 And deems the labourer worthy of his hire;
 On every promise, to the last, depends
 To be deceived! poor “hare with many friends!”
 “Friends,” who, remorseless, view his wasted mien,
 And never give, or give but to be seen;
 Defer their aid, till, in an hour of woe,
 The wretch may feel they *pay* not, but *bestow*;
 Till poverty his thin appearance damns,
 And their sad bounty takes the shape of alms.

Strange patrons they, whose agonizing aid,
 Till craved as alms, must ever be delayed;
 Whose garments’ hem to touch we must adore,
 And like the Gibeonites, in rags implore,
 From God’s elect solicit gracious leave,
 To draw their water, and their wood to cleave!
 Some patronize; bear witness every clown,
 Buffoon and Charlatan, that stinks the town:
 One night’s fool-roguing brings you more, unsought,
 Than Milton’s epic to its author brought.
 Some freely give, nor quarrel about means;
 Prove this ye taprooms, brothels, and canteens;
 “Touch-pot, touch-penny,” here the daughters live,
 Who—*nudum pactum*—cry aloud—“Give, give!”
 Good sooth, we flounder on a hopeful time,
 When truth itself is more than half a crime;
 Save when constrained in glacier shape to bide,

Nor seen to mingle with the general tide,
 Still Truth is Truth—and maugre icy chains;
 While Falsehood—falsehood on a throne remains;
 And glacier Truth on guilty heads shall burst,
 And bear destruction to their haunts accurst.
 In praise of Burns and his undying lay,
 I yield AMEN to all that you can say;
 Your banks and braes, and birnies, fairer shine,
 Through all the seasons in his magic line;
 Nay, more; to Scotland every nation turns,
 With love instinctive, “as the land of Burns.”
 If Burns to thee were any source of pride,
 Why, Scotia, hug the secret till he died?
 Till landless, friendless, penniless, and pale,
 He pined to death, in peril of a gaol;
 A fate averted on his dying day,
 By asking paltry loans, a tailor’s bill to pay.

No more of Burns can patience here allow;
 Go—read the letters that he wrote from Brow;
 Ask Caledonia how she could withhold,
 Her cup of water till his lips were cold;
 Till through the problem clearer I can see,
 The nearest pastry-cook may have your book, for me.

II.

TO THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM PORTER.

(Written in the Albany District Prison, where the Author held an office, since resigned.)

FIRST name in Polyhymnia’s band!
 Your honoured letter is to hand.
 An’ trowth na words at my command,
 O’ leal devotion,
 Can oughtlins gar ye understand,
 This heart’s emotion.

The critic’s jink, in fae or fier,
 To thole, at best, I’m owre dead-sweer!

My saul, their raploch histie lear,
 Ay hauds in sconner;
 But praise or blame frae thee till hear,
 Is downright honour.

O, for thy voice o' quenchless fire!
 Wha dost to Tully's fame aspire;
 Or His! wha proud withstood the ire—
 In war an' peace—
 O' Macedonian Sandy's sire,
 When Greece was — *Greece*.

Fond sire to son, departing hame,
 Distinction in our courts to claim,
 Shall lang bequeath thy honoured name,
 An' pray the templar,
 That Porter, in the path to fame,
 Be his exemplar.

O, high exemplar! lang may fate,
 Avert frae thee the doubtfu' date,
 Which love maun still anticipate,
 Though grat an' feared;
 That comes at last to terminate
 Lives maist endeared.

Electric time dirls on the year,
 When late in prent I did appear,
 Hedge, boom, and jungle a' were sere,
 Forfairn or dead.
 Auld dowie Veldt heezed ashes drear,
 Upo' her head.

Now witchin Spring keeks out again,
 An' smilin' through the vernal rain,
 On mony a knowe an' fragrant plain,
 Bright as the day;
 Fawns, lambkins, hinds—a weel-faurd train,
 Begin their play.

Swank toddlin' bairns their lippies pout,
 An' deave gash auld folks till gang out;
 Aff, aff! they swell the tither shout,
 Aboon the cairn;
 Waesucks! I rave like ony lout—
 This is not Erin!

An' yet, sweet dawn, o'er crag an' spray,
 Reminds me o' an Irish May;
 As here I muse, in countenance gay,
 In heart alane;
 An' ilka zephyr seems to say:—
 Cauld winter's gane.

O, Spring is fair! her emerald track
 Gars Recollection warsle back!
 Her rowth o' voices weel can mak,
 A choir o' prison.
 The vera bum-clock frae his crack,
 Rins out to listen.

An kaes an' houlets snash an' croak,
 I wat the laureate's "Talkin' Oak,"
 In Spring commenced till crack its joke,
 Or tunefu' sing!
 Ask a' wha listened, when it spoke,
 They'll say:—"In Spring."
 Leeze me on glamour! some are gifted
 To pry through granite rocks unrifted,
 Sin' trees maun hae their secrets drifted,
 O'er lan' an' sea;
 Uncanny lore! unkenn'd, unsifted,
 By Dolts like me.

Forjesket whyles, wi' skellums fed,
 Fu' aft wi' e'en, dim bleert an' red—
 Puir silk-worm Musie spins her thread,
 O' fragile twine;
 Till Atropos, wi' snip or sned,
 Nicks hers an' mine.

Till then, o' wanton haivers blameless,
 I'll shore dounce loons, at present nameless,
 Toom-brained, mair heartless eke nor wameless

Anither joke;

An' prove to their misdoins shameless
 A talkin Oak.

Till then—O honoured friend an' guide,
 The bulwark, ornament an' pride,
 O' bar an' senate; sairly tried—

An' faithfu' found—

My sang thy praises far an' wide,
 Shall ay resound.

III.

TO A LADY.

(*Presented at a Temperance Bazaar.*)

SPOUSE of a Chief renowned in war,
 Whom Heaven in high protection bless;
 Thy patronage of our Bazaar,
 We prize, sure omen of success.

A strife, though one of peace, we wage,
 Against a sore besetting foe;
 To whom your presence must presage
 A sure and speedy overthrow.

Long may thy smiles, endeared to all,
 And gracious words of worth untold,
 On youthful hearts prolific fall,
 Producing fruit an hundred fold.

IV.

TO ANOTHER.

(On a similar occasion.)

FAIR patroness! our lowest bow,
Long due, is tendered thee to-day;
Our temperance cause must flourish now,
Subjected to thy gentle sway.

That cause, proud Alcohol to fight,
Can dare in his own chosen field,
When beauty, worth, and rank unite,
To form its adamantine shield.

Far be the day of joyless tears,
When thousands shall thy loss deplore;
For thee and thine may happy years
Yet dawn on Caledonia's shore.



MISCELLANEOUS.

I.

THE POET'S VISION.

A NIGHTLY vision, in a landscape bright,
Which noon-day dream nor lessens nor displaces,
Late Ishmael saw! Innumerable faces,
Fair as He made them, who made all aright,
Earth's family, of divers tribes and races,
And varied dye and outline—at the sight
Gazed awe-struck Ishmael; and in his breast
He loved them all—for something told him there,
God loved them too; then breathed he, free as air—
To saints who heard:—"Absolve me one request;
"Teach my believing spirit of unrest,
"Some gracious, broad, mild rendering of your creed,
"To let us hope that the Creator blest,
"An hundredth part of these can claim indeed."

No voice replied, but, by his soul discerned,
This answer came:—"Our purest creed below,
"To little purpose has been taught or learned,
"By men who must in their Creator know,
"A local Power, less potent than his foe,
"In winning subjects." Pondering on the scene,
So much unlike Earth's heritage of woe,
Anon the meek enquirer, with precision,
Recalled the case of one who, in a vision,
Rashly esteemed as "common and unclean,"
What God hath cleansed—then with resigned submission,
To that high power whose goodness ever new,
Demands our love—beheld the Scene Elysian
Depart with sleep, as a dissolving view.

II.

PATRONAGE.

AN ODE.

WHAT'S PATRONAGE? I asked a little maid,
 In rosy smiles, and satin folds arrayed;
 "A book," she answered, "that I long to see!
 "'Tis by the author of 'The Absentee.'"

What's Patronage? I asked a pulpit seer,
 Of threadbare coat, and forty pounds a-year;
 "It is," he cried, "with deference to my liege,
 "A royal fortress that I don't besiege."

What's Patronage? I asked a courtier grand,
 Gay as Petronius, as Stanhope bland,
 And he responded: "That perennial tree,
 "Whence I and others pluck our loyalty."

What's Patronage? I asked a gaudy player,
 Of radiant face, which ne'er betokens care;
 "My bribe," he said, "to ply the ghastly art,
 "Of wearing smiles, to hide despair of heart."

What's Patronage? I asked a child of lore,
 Whose thoughtful brow deep marks of study bore;
 Quoth he, "A passport to a happy lot,
 "Is one sure thing that patronage *is not*."

What's Patronage? I asked a son of song,
 Of calm passivity, but vision strong;
 He said: "The crowning mockery of earth,
 "The bliss of dulness, and the blight of worth."

What's Patronage? to Gerald of "The Swan,"
 I last applied: "O, tell me, joyous one!"
 "Some thousand pounds," he faltered, "at the cost
 "Of conscience—long irreparably lost!"

What's Patronage? How dimly all unfold,
 What Johnson's lexicon might first have told!
 "Defence—protection," hard from vice to gain,
 Which none from virtue ever sought in vain.

III.

THE BARD'S PLEA.

A LYRIC BALLAD.

A CRITIC thus a bard addressed:—

“While to your song I fondly listen,

It hits my fancy, without jest,

That Burns has from the grave arisen.”

Responded quick, the son of song:—

“You fancy no such thing, my brother!

Or Scotia's bard you sadly wrong—

He was himself, and not another.”

“O, I but meant,” our critic said,

“To compliment your rising merit;

In saying that, of a poet dead,

The hallowed mantle you inherit.”

Sir Rhymer answered hastily:

“If fools you seek, go find some other;

Your compliment I fail to see—

I'm just myself, and not another.”

“Tell yon gay warbler in the skies,

Who seems on high Apollo poring,

No more his notes to plagiarise,

From louder larks and linnets soaring.

Has he not pinions of his own,

And ecstasies 'twere vain to smother?

Eyes all unborrowed—plumage, tone—

He's quite ‘himself, and not another.’

“Hence, tomb-adorer! sleep and dream,

Contemporary bays all faded!

To find the prophet you esteem,

The haunts of death must be invaded;

Samuel disquieted must be,

As though no kin to Eve our mother;

Yet no celestial Jove was he,

But Hannah's child, and not another.

"The buried seer must be exhumed,
 (As his alone to teach the gift is!)
 While living Samuels languish, doomed
 In dens and caves to hide by fifties!
 O, Imla's Son! I see thee now;
 Where Baal's four hundred raise a pother;
 Despised and smitten—happy thou,
 To be thyself and not another.

"The slave, on Mammon's list enrolled,
 With crowds may sing the lordling's riches,
 His chariot fine—his cloth of gold—
 His fatted calves, and Endor Witches.
 Be this my boon, without the pelf,
 Abroad or on my native heather;
 In praise or blame to be myself,
 Myself alone, and not another."

IV.

THE DEAD OSTRICH.

DECEASED feathered neighbour, man's emblem how true!
 Scarce worthy the labour of hiding from view;
 Lone captive, death-smitten; abortive we deem,
 Thy story unwritten is surely no dream.
 Sad type of the races in nature's vast pale:
 Who've yielded their places to others as frail;
 Dinornis and Dodo, did e'er they exist?
 Tribes, races, in toto! by whom are ye missed?

Dead Ostrich! expressing concern in thy case—
 Not one bird addressing in thee but a race;
 No more canst thou glory in the prowess possess'd
 By the Uzzite's historian, sublimely exprest.
 Thy every immunity thou hast survived;
 By foes with impunity sought and deprived;
 Poor thing of submissions, and pauper subsistence!
 By Time's new conditions hemmed out of existence.

Yet, a link thou art still in the wonderful chain,
To accomplish His will, who creates not in vain;
His behest, ALL IN ALL, independent of whom
Not a sparrow can fall—not a daisy can bloom;
Let the earthling of pride, from his filigree throne,
Thy position deride when secure in his own.
Thou regardest no taunts in that final duresse,
From the biped who flaunts in thy castaway dress.

Undisturbed be thy slumber; the longest—the last;
Thy wanderings we number with things of the past;
The colours of Iris, in Rhampsinit's day—
First march of Busiris, first war in Cathay—
The throne of Anysis, Liu-Pang's coat of mail:
The car of Cambyzes; the temple of Baal;
The death of Abiram, on Jericho's site;
The secret of Hiram—Eurymedon's fight.

Yes! thou art man's emblem; abasing to tell!
And dost but resemble him too much and too well.
Merest child of a day—soon succeeded by night;
Fettered down to the clay, though ambitious for flight.
Priest, Prophet, or Parson 'twere needless to call,
“MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN,” to read on his wall!
What a much-abused station he forfeits full soon,
To a “lord of creation” more worthy the boon.

Thy bereavements have come to a premature close,
Mother Earth has a home, for thy lasting repose;
No longer a claimant, in life's narrow span,
For food or for raiment, to Nature or man.
No marble nor mound, shall extol thee to fame—
But no trumpet shall sound, to awake thee to shame.
May a Power unerring, and Mighty to save,
Avert our preferring thy lot in the grave.

V.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

AN ODE.

Thou type of mysteries revealed,
 In man forgiven;
 And plainest record of the book unsealed,
 Of starry Heaven!
 God's pictured Word, from age to age:
 Alike familiar to the child and sage—
 In fourfold harmony; like Christ's Evangel page.

 How mean to thee this world of sin,
 This atom earth!
 Or all the ponderous globes, that swing within
 Its astral girth.
 Arcturus and his offspring fair—
 Where are they? Mazzaroth—Orion, where?
 And Pleiades? All, all eclipsed—for thou art there.

 'Tis well, when Keills and Newtons write
 With pens of gold;
 That Ages numberless have winged their flight,
 Myriads untold!
 Since thou'st been there; since thou hast taught
 How, in His plan, who man's redemption wrought,
 That mystery of love was not an afterthought.

 Ten thousand worlds have learned of thee;
 (Messiah's sign!)
 What happier eyes where privileged to see
 In Palestine.
 But thou, unknown to Eastern seer,
 Or king, or priest—we hail with reverence here—
 Great harbinger of joy; to this our Ocean-sphere!

 So dread we not the wondrous day,
 O, holy Cross!
 When structures formed of stubble, wood, and hay,
 Shall suffer loss.

When Time's probation shall have past,
 And heaven's high starry cope her orbs shall cast,
 Even as a tree her fruit, before the felling blast.

For thou, immortal ensign bright,
 Art still secure;
 When worlds and suns, and systems sink in night,
 Thou shalt endure.

Endure—Redemption's emblem sweet,
 Nor from Creation's altered map retreat,
 Nor pass away with noise, nor melt with fervent heat.

Till then, may faith and hope increase,
 Firm, fixed above;
 And make us with ourselves at heavenly peace—
 True type of love!

Mid elemental tumults rife,
 Point us to Him, the Way, the Truth, the Life,
 Rock Rimmon of our peace, to heal Baal-tamar's strife.

VI.

THE METEOR SCENE.

(14th November, 1866.)

'Tis morn in Grahamstown; closing two;
 A gorgeous welkin—gold and blue!
 Cool Zephyr breathes celestial balm,
 No rustling leaf disturbs the calm.
 We stand where New-street winds its way
 Up, past the Drostdy tow'ards the Bay,
 And view a sight that human ken
 Ne'er saw before, nor may again!

Light, light! what things are these that fly
 From east to west across the sky?
 For good—for evil—what a sight!
 Now two, now ten, now fifty quite.

Twice—ten times fifty—o'er and o'er—
Now thousands—tens of thousands more—
Look, look above, or have we dreamed?
With lines of gold the sky is seamed.

Meteors! they shoot—past counting all—
On distant mountains seem to fall;
Or fly unbroken out of sight,
And leave no vestige of their flight.
One, somewhat close, has skimmed the ground,
And spread unearthly light around,
Too bright for beam of moon or star,
Like Solar glow, but brighter far.

Say, friend—if not past speech dismayed—
What means this silent cannonade?
Unlike Bellona's fabled ire,
Or Ætna's or Cayambe's fire;
Or that of Jove's Olympian wars,
Or what we once called "falling stars,"
Or Macedonian balls of flame,
Or aught we can conceive or name?

Vain questions all, to clowns or kings!
His glance was true, who saw more things
Beyond the views that boundless seem,
Than man's philosophy can dream.
Bright glows the East! the scene is o'er,
Which we've beheld two hours and more;
The engines of celestial play
Have melted in the rising day.

VII.

THE SUICIDE.

NIGHT veiled the Southern sky,
Long hours ere Sol had risen;
A Felon doomed to die,
Destroyed his life in prison.

'Tis termed, by grave and gay,
An incident unhappy;
What friend or foe to-day
Wears crape for 'sad Buyapi!
Foul murderer! he died
A hopeless suicide!

And godly passers by,
With services ungrudging—
Without remorse or sigh,
Spare Heaven the task of judging.
Out leaps the sentence stern
From many a thoughtless reveller,
Who may perchance discern
In Death a wondrous leveller.
Friend! answer in your pride,
Art thou no suicide?

Abuser of thy youth!
Say, hast thou no misgiving,
That thine is not, in sooth,
The healthiest mode of living.
If walls have eyes and ears,
Where midnight broils you carp in,
And Atropos her shears
Prepares for thee to sharpen;
Does conscience never chide,
And call thee suicide?

And thou, too, hoary sot!
In soft nocturnal revels;
Where death is in the pot,
And half your angels—devils.
Turn to the poisoned air,
While mirth is most auspicious,
A blade is waving there,
Remember Dionysius!
In that soft chair abide,
And be a suicide.

Though thousands every hour,
 The call of death obey;
 How many feel his power,
 In Nature's lawful way?
 Does duellist or drinker,
 Or such as thwart her plan?
 O, European thinker!
 Be true—art thou the man?
 Then never more deride,
 A Kafir suicide.

VIII.

THE HYMN "TE DEUM
 LAUDAMUS."

VERSIFIED.

O God, we worship Thee, and recognise
 Thee as the true and everlasting Lord!
 Whom justly all that live beneath the skies
 Acknowledge Sovereign, meet to be adored,
 Their testimony angels, too, afford,
 The boundless heavens, and all the powers on high:
 Cherub and Seraph bright in full accord,
 Thrice Holy, holy, holy, ever cry,
 Lord God of Hosts! Heaven, Earth, are with the Majesty

Of thy transcendant brightness ever filled!
 Apostles all, and Prophets praise Thy might;
 The noble host, beneath Thy banner killed—
 The Church throughout the world proclaim Thy right.
 The Father of dominion infinite,
 Thine honourable, true, and only Son;
 Also the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete,
 Thou art the King of Glory, Christ alone;
 Thou, of the Father, art the sole begotten One.

When man thou tookest upon Thee to save,
 Thou didst not then abhor the virgin's womb;
 When thou the sharpness of the wasting grave,
 Hadst fully vanquished—rising from the tomb,
 Thou openedst wide Heaven's portals, making room
 For all believers. Now in regal power,
 At God's right hand thou sittest, soon to come,
 And be our Judge: O, from the ills that lower,
 Thy ransomed servants save, in that tremendous hour!

In endless glory, when this life is past,
 Enrol their names with Saints in bright array;
 To full salvation guide them safe at last,
 Thy heritage. Uphold them by Thy sway;
 And lift them up for ever. Day by day,
 Thy holy name we laud and magnify,
 With worship due; Thy precepts to obey
 For evermore our contrite hearts apply;
 From every ill this day, defend us, Lord Most High.

Lord! Thou whose mercy gratefully we own,
 Our hope in Time and for Eternity!
 To us, unworthy, be that mercy shown,
 That sparing mercy, full, unbounded, free.
 Lord, let Thy mercy lighten on us; Thee
 Amid the countless perils which surround,
 Our sure unmerring confidence we see;
 In whom alone true safety can abound—
 In Thee we've put our trust, let nothing us confound.

IX.

ODE.

ON THE OPENING OF THE DOUGLAS RESERVOIR, 1867.

HAIL to this sonsie April day,
 Loup drouthy birkies, weel ye may,
 The muckle Reservoir survey,
 Sae soon completed—
 Na mair shall chiels to wet their clay,
 O' drink be cheated.

Na mair shall lowin thirst attack us,
 Or sottish invitations mak us
 The prey o' coofs, wha daily track us,
 Frae neuk to neuk—
 Yon loch does mair to towzle Bacchus,
 Nor ony buke.

Aye, glower an wonder ilka neibur!
 Losh! what a heap o' brawny labor—
 We'll ding his praise wi pipe an' tabor,
 Frae whom 'tis named;
 Hale be his arm, an' bright his sabre,
 Already famed.

Fu' lang that name the welkin fills,
 Frae Andes to the Grampian hills;
 Ye Schillers, Humes, and Stratford Wills,
 Ken 'tis na hearsay.
 Still, boon the lave, our hummin rills
 Proclaim Sir Percy.

That flame, which on the banks o' Sark,
 Lang syne roused Craigie till his wark,
 Ere sweetly chimed the minstrel lark,
 In Scotia's sky—
 Emits in Grahamstown sic a spark
 As winna die.

Moshesh, an ilk auld-farrant shaver,
 To scar our dautit weans endeavour;
 But gin our chief staps here they'll never,
 Ance show their nose—
 Faith, we'se gang bail for their behaviour,
 Until he goes.

Leeze me on sic a peerless chief!
 Na task against his might is prief;
 His Parthian blade, which gies relief,
 Frae wastin quarrels.
 In hamely toils, wi witchin breef,
 Reaps ither laurels!

Lang live the Douglas, good an' true,
 His native hills again to view—
 An' gie their bardies themes anew,
 To sing an' whistle—
 Wi' a' his wreaths, the vera hue,
 O' Scotland's thistle.

X.

HECTOR AND AJAX.

FROM THE SEVENTH ILLAD—ATTEMPTED IN HEXAMETERS.

“HERE, confront me, thou Hector! and try what a chief of
 our country

Dares all singly attempt, in the absence of godlike Achilles;
 Who, secure, in the fleet his revenge on Atrides brood over,
 And may brood as he list—not alone answer I thy defiance—
 Other bosoms as valiant we lack not. I call thee to battle!”

“O, thou glory of Telamon's line!”—quick responded the
 Trojan—

“Know thy threatenings fall not on the ears of a stripling
 or spinster;

But a chief thou beholdest, inured to the field and the
 danger,

By whose prowess well tested, strong foes not a few have
 been humbled;

To the right hand and left, this good orb I am skilled in
 the shifting,

Or sustaining the burden of battle, on foot or in chariot.

Yet, great Ajax! with one like thyself, in this glorious
 encounter,

My attack shall be open, nor unawares seek I to smite
 thee.”

Here surceased mighty Hector, and poising his javelin,
 dismissed it—

To the shield of the Argive six outer integuments piercing ;

But repelled by the seventh; then descended the spear of
great Ajax,
Through the buckler of Priam's son, rending his corslet
and tunic;
Sidelong on to the flank. Hector, bending, the ruin eluded.
Then, tempestuous, both champions, from bosses trans-
pierced, drew their lances,
And both terribly closed, even as lions or boars of the
forest!
Right on Telamon's disk the long beam of the casque-
tossing Hector,
All innocuous and blunted came down—while the giant
observing
Now an opening propitious, his lance through the targe of
the foeman,
Launched awfully, sheer to the neck—whence a torrent
descended!
Still the Trojan, undaunted, stooped down, in his huge
hand uplifting
Quick, a stone of gigantic dimensions, rough, pointed,
enormous;
Sent it whizzing abroad, on the sevenfold agis resounding.
Then, sore-plying each sinew, the Argive upheaved a far
heavier,
Which hurled full at Hector—full prone on his buckler
alighted;
Bursting onward its course, and against his knees, down-
ward came thundering.
Now supine on the field lay the warrior, sustained by his
buckler,
But Apollo restored him in vigour anew to the combat.
Again brandished both heroes their swords—the fierce
conflict renewing—
Made close circles aloft, till the heralds at last interposing,
Talthybius divine of the Greeks—of the Trojans Idæus,
Raised a bay of armistice between them; Idæus exclaiming:
“Cease! my children—forbear; both the favourites of
earth and of heaven;

To both Trojans and Argives well known are your warlike
 achievements,
 But the night interposes—now cease—'tis the Goddess
 that parts you."

XI.

JACK KETCH.

AN ODE TO THE LAW-FINISHER'S SOBRIQUET.

WHEN Jefferies went out on the highway of fame,
 A worthy compeer he did fetch;
 To hang and to quarter, to brand and to maim,
 And all who are anxious to ask for his name,
 May learn—it was Mr. Jack Ketch.

Like master, like servant, this miscreant *tool*,
 His own daddy's neck he would stretch.
 Some called him a wise man, some called him a fool;
 But deaf to their praise, or condign ridicule,
 He earned his vile money, did Ketch.

His butcheries—monstrous, atrocious, and sad,
 Would cause any stomach to retch!
 No Esquimaux savage—Dahomian mad,
 Nor Bhuddist in frenzy was ever so bad,
 In deed or intention as Ketch.

A volume in quarto of him you may write,
 And then t'would be only a sketch,
 Of the tortures inhuman that gave him delight,
 For plaguing poor mortals, by day and by night,
 Was the darling amusement of Ketch.

What tongue could depict when his calling was o'er,
 What artist his features could etch?
 How he pined—how he whined—how he curs'd—how he
 swore!

For brandy-faced Jefferies could sentence no more,
 Till the worms should have him and Jack Ketch.

From that day to this, every imp of the trade,
 Has borrowed a name from the wretch;
 Like Cain or Iscariot, a part he has played;
 And the laurels of Beelzebub sooner shall fade,
 Than those of his pupil—Jack Ketch.

XII.

THE MARTYR'S DREAM.

WHY do I wake? is it my choice
 To hear again one human voice?
 Or gaze on Terra's brightest scene?
 Amazing change! where have I been?
 Those faces were not breathing clay;
 That beam was not Apollo's ray;
 That landscape ne'er to earth was given,
 That scene was not of Earth, but Heaven.

Those flowers of sempiternal stain,
 Profuse upon the sapphire plain;
 Which dyes eternally disclose,
 Unrivalled but by Sharon's rose.
 That zephyr—tuned by cherub wings,
 To breathe unutterable things,
 Which but to hear, in such a sleep,
 A thousand martyrdoms were cheap.

Gone, gone! O, gently matin bell—
 'Tis day: what dreadful news you tell!
 O, mother earth; from priceless joys,
 Why turn I to thy baby-toys?
 Again, Confuscius let me view,
 Again, Isaiah, talk with you;
 Plato, once more, and Pascal see;
 Thee, Fenelon—and Luther—thee.

Friends numberless, combined in love,
 Sons of one FATHER, High Above!

Saints in mature immortal life;
Oblivious of Earth's cradle-strife.
Come, laggard Deathsman!—I'd forgot;
Friends wait me yonder; tarry not;
My promise to return, I keep—
Your "Death" is but a passing sleep.

XIII.

LINES TO A YOUNG STUDENT.

WITH A PRESENT OF AN INKSTAND.

No cold nor brittle compliment,
This gift, dear boy, would represent;
No feigned attachment insincere,
But friendship towards a friend most dear!
The sparkling glass I deem designed
To image forth thy brilliant mind;
Contrasting with the ink within,
As thy sweet soul with every sin.
The cover of pure argent thew,
As emblematic points to you,
So sound of cranium! Now farewell,
May every line good tidings tell;
The sable wave with which you write,
Be darkness, still producing light.

XIV.

SATIRE ON APOLOGISERS.

OF ALL the knaves who live by cheating Ketch,
Your pardon-craver is the vilest wretch:
Whose sneaking art such eunuch words betray,
As "Beg your pardon, friend!" "Excuse me, pray."
No wiles can mystify the felon's creed,
Whose slang vocabulary all may read.

Submission from a worthy man in fault,
 The noblest nature tends but to exalt;
 Still Honesty, to better instincts true,
 Will try to make even such occasions few.
 Sweet is the spirit of that Sacred Book,
 By which we're taught a brother's faults to brook;
 But how disheartening to hear it made,
 A very license for the swindler's trade!
 Ye pusillanimous unworthy crew,
 Who pardon need for all ye say and do;
 Your lips cry pardon, but your hearts imply,
 Fresh opportunities to cheat and lie!
 Does shame not whisper you, 'twere manlier far,
 To doff the mask, and seem the things you are?
 No kindred miscreants the poles between,
 A thousandth part so villanous and mean.

XV.

THE VISION OF LINTOT.

A GHOST STORY.

[NOTE:—This trifling Impromptu will not, of course, be seriously understood as implying any general disesteem of the greatest poet of his time.

“POPE, in his Iliad, every heart admires,
 His pungent satire never cloyes or tires;
 Save when he aims a most innocuous blow,
 At lustier men, like Bentley and Defoe.
 His flowing Odes, and Pastorals sublime,
 Repay perusal, aye, the twentieth time;
 Then hark! his Essays! Homer, by the bye,
 On cleft Parnassus never stood so high.”

So Lintot mused, in contemplation deep—
 And mused again, and musing, dropt—asleep—
 And felt transported to a region vast,
 Where Present seemed, the Future and the Past;
 Saw from a grotto Twickenham's bard appear,
 As, to the Judean monarch, Ramah's seer!
 So Priam's son, by stern Pelides slain,
 To great Æneas once appeared again:
 But javelin huge, nor shield, the bard displayed,
 Nor worse than ink distained his awful shade.

"Printer!" he thundered, "I have overhauled
 This rhyming Essay, by Swiss Crousaz mauled;
 Not prompted by new regions, blest or curst,
 But purely, simply, what I meant at first,
 And should have said!" The spectre then began,
 With silver accent, the Essay on Man:—

"Awake, my St. John, since the meanest things,
 Are higher now than Bolingbroke with kings;
 Let us (since you, though once so proud and high,
 Have sunk about my level), ere we die,
 Assume a dictatorial course with man,
 Of whom (don't mention it!) I've found the plan!*

This earth's a wild, where princes hunt and shoot,
 While we stand tempted with forbidden fruit;
 Conceal our envy in the ample field,
 At all the game to others it may yield,
 Who hill and dale, on horseback can explore,
 And not on foot, with corns and bunions sore.
 Who crush the boxwood; shoot whatever flies;
 Or nick the rogues, and catch them ere they rise;
 Smiles let us feign, as bards and courtiers can,
 And style our poem, an 'Essay on Man.'

"Say, first, of God above, or man below,
 What shall we teach that others do not know?"

"Lots!" yawned the printer, "Hush, for any sake!"
 And Bernard stared, and found himself awake.

* "A general map of man."—Vide Pope's Preface.

XVI.

ELEGY.

ON THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

1867.

PRINCE of Explorers! high enshrined among
 Earth's honoured worthies, saints and martyrs hight;
 Sore was thy strife in Freedom's cause, and long,
 Still sagest in her councils; first in fight.
 In tears thy epitaph let Scotia write,
 While tears so challenged gush from foreign eyes,
 And History's Muse shall worthily requite,
 Thy god-like labours; yea, the good and wise,
 Long ages hence shall tell, of Livingstone's Emprize.

Of Memphian Pheron, poets have unveiled
 Adventures marvellous on sea and shore!
 Bœotian Cadmus, and the Greeks who sailed,
 From Thrace to Colchis, in the days of yore.
 How Odysseus nations did explore,
 How Dido's guest remodelled states anew:
 How Necho's fleets Damascus trophies bore,
 To Al-Cairo; accepting all as true;
 O, Livingstone, their deeds shall stand eclipsed in you.

No princely coffers opened to thy hand,
 No regal mandate, human blood to spill;
 No fleets nor armies moved at thy command,
 Things needed elsewhere to enslave and kill.
 Vast opposition to thy vaster will,
 Bad men opposed, but saw thee lead the way,
 O'er poison swamps, where Macedonian skill,
 Not even in frenzy, ever dreamed a sway;
 And what thou hast achieved, let Truth impartial say.

Credentials patent, from a Power above,
 Emboldened thee; friends, home, and ease forsaking!
 Kings marked thy progress in the work of love:
 The dead in sin, as by a spell, awaking;

The Ethiop's cause, thy own still ever making,
 Success nor Failure saw thee once unnerved :
 Like Paul's thy aim, a kindred doom partaking,
 From which, though imminent, thou hast not swerved :
 A martyr's crown be thine, by whom so well deserved ?

High friends thou hadst in many a camp and court,
 High Dagon servers : gaudy, *pious*, brave,
 Who long beheld "while Samson made them sport,"
 Their lives (forsooth !) would forfeit, thine to save.
 Wert thou but *only* rescued from the grave,
 How they'd astonish us ! Heaven be their guard,
 From that low realm, which good intentions pave,
 Departed worth ! thou wert indeed ill-starred,
 Were Mammon's muck-rake mine, the source of thy reward.

Rest, toil-worn Traveller ! an Eternity
 Hast thou to rest in. Who shall dare offend
 Thy spirit, threatening mean revenge for thee ?
 'Twould badly honor thy heroic end,
 To breathe a thought of tendency to rend,
 The ties of brotherhood you died to bind :
 Or make one European less the friend
 Of Ham's descendants—be they all resigned,
 To emulate thy worth—great friend of human kind.

VII.

LIVINGSTONE ALIVE!

WRITTEN ON THE ARRIVAL OF A TELEGRAM MAKING
 THE FOREGOING ANNOUNCEMENT.

(1867.)

ONWARD to Europe, where reigns the misgiving yet,
 Waft the secure hope of Livingstone living yet :
 Bid every nation the tidings resound,
 With exultation, the lost has been found.

Tell it minutely to Scotia folorn,
 Who most acutely his absence has borne;
 Breathe it in Ireland, from mountain to shore,
 Scarce in his Sireland, they honour him more.
 Mighty Britannia and chivalrous Gaul,
 Sage Lusitania, no more weep his fall!
 Greece and Ionia new tones shall employ,
 With Caledonia, in this hour of joy.
 Sturdy Germania shall echo the strain,
 Learned Albania, and storyful Spain;
 Italy, peerless in letters and war,
 On, to the cheerless domains of the Czar.
 Countries unnamed, and to millions unknown,
 Monarchies famed, over cycle and zone;
 From the Lapp mountains, to where, in their pride,
 Enderby's fountains gush on to the tide,
 Truce to your chidings, high Providence gives!
 Joy in the tidings, that Livingstone lives.
 Lives and abounds, for a purpose how vast!
 Pray God it redounds to our credit at last!

Lives! superhuman fatigues to relate,
 Of false men and true men, their joy and their hate,
 Races and nations undreamt of before,
 Who, as relations, he brings to our door.
 How in every disaster, undaunted he stood,
 And went, like his Master, about doing good.
 Ah! shall he record, having flattery for pay,
 But a golden reward, when we thought he was clay?
 Live on, a new witness, when vigor is sped,
 Of England's high fitness for feeding the dead?
 World! with submission; your orthodox creeds,
 Require this addition—that, *words are not deeds!*
 World! we arraign you; and hear you reply:—
 "Cease, 'tis in vain you throw dust at the sky!
 Lecture old matrons of intellect low,
 Tell not high patrons the duty they know.
 Find one of talents to swallow a pin,
 Or a corkscrew to balance, high-poised on his chin;

Show us alive some true hero of spleen,
 Who can contrive some infernal machine,
 Fashioned with power and exquisite skill,
 Fit, in one hour, whole thousands to kill;
 Such, o'er his neighbours, to honour we'll raise,
 Livingstone's labours rewarding with praise."

XVIII.

O D E.

ON THE ARRIVAL OF H.R.H. PRINCE ALFRED IN
 CAPE TOWN, 1867.

[NOTE:—This Piece had the honour of "presentation," through the kind favour of the late Hon. W. Porter, who forwarded a communication from the Prince's Private Secretary, stating that the verses had been "carefully read by His Royal Highness, and much praised."]

PRINCE of the brave and kingly isle,
 Rome's rightful heir in Arts and Arms!
 Formed by the destinies to smile
 Secure on strife and war's alarms.
 Thy beaming smile our winter warms,
 Retiring summer seems to stay,
 In proud resuscitated charms,
 Like Joshua's extended day.

The native chiefs, erewhile so vain,
 Confess thy prestige from afar,
 And conscious fade into the wane,
 As Hinnom's torch at Bethlehem's star.
 The voice, the crash, the wail of war,
 Depart with less auspicious times—
 Abashed, as thy triumphal car
 High to its zenith proudly climbs.

Son of the fair exalted Queen,
Whose Empire clips the farthest zone,
In whose sole service to be seen,
Your noble heart refused a throne!
Long be her presence felt and known,
And long our orb that Empire see,
Vast as the boundless wave whereon
Thou'lt lead her fleets to victory.

Son of a sire—well named “The Good!”
Whose early loss was Albion's woe;
Who, with supernal parts endued,
Ne'er lost a friend, nor made a foe.
Not yet recovering from the blow,
Sustained when ALBERT did expire,
Glad millions joy to see thee grow
In fame and stature like thy sire!

From thy dread home on ocean's tide,
Thy presence here to celebrate,
In reverence, love, and loyal pride,
Earth's varied races thronging wait.
High Prince! to whose paternal state
Apollo yields one endless morn;
Thy Saxon Type, surnamed the Great,
Less glorious could the name adorn.

By love the peaceful heart to sway,
In war to quell the tyrant's boast;
Be this thy praise, from Table Bay,
To Montezuma's golden coast.
Thy every advent raise a host,
With hopes, and hearts, and souls revived;
To echo back the deafening toast—
“REJOICE! PRINCE ALFRED HAS ARRIVED!”

XIX.

BUSSELL'S ESCAPE.

A PARODY ON "THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE."

[NOTE:—The case of the Police Inspector of Cape Town, who, in 1867, while under arrest on charge of peculation, contrived to vanish from his keepers (and afterwards surrendered), is well known.]

Not a rattle was heard, nor a cry of Stop thief!"
As Bussell from Berg-street hurried;
Not a watchman suspected the flying chief,
In the blankets he seemed nigh buried.

He fled from the room, in safety quite,
Our keen inspection scorning;
It must have been dreadfully late at night,
About two o'clock in the morning.

No "Togs" we fancied enclosed his breast,
(Or gyves should more safely have bound him;)
For he lay like a sleeper, with Somnus at rest,
And we all dozing around him.

Few and short were the naps we took,
But soon we awoke in sorrow:
And we gazed for the face that had "taken its hook,"
And bitterly thought on the morrow.

We thought as we ransacked many a bed,
And kicked every quilt and pillow,
That we should be called to account in his stead,
And he far away on the billow.

Wildly we swore at the "*gentleman*" gone!
And bitterly did we upbraid him;
For we knew that suspicion would reach every one,
Who had power or means to aid him!

But half of our ghastly search was o'er,
And all was but random firing!
When the rambler appeared on the charge-room floor,
And saved us from expiring.
In a closer apartment he laid himself down,
Like a warrior wounded and gory;
And flying to publish the news in town,
We have left him alone in his glory.

XX.

THE MUSING MILLIONAIRE.

WHERE Capetown here meanders on the view,
From Green Point tramway to the Table Mount,
And bends and hitches, like a Cyclop chained:
Or Swift's man-mountain, stand my mansions fair,
Gardens, and walks, and terraces; the lines
To me have fallen upon pleasant places,
For all thy bounties, Heaven, my thanks receive.

No man is perfect, nor am I exempt
From human frailties, nor at times oblivious
Of inward goadings, memory lingers yet,
On old transactions—mortgages—entails—
Agreements verbal, barter, and such-like,
With folks less prudent; writs defaced or lost,
That might have told against me; these, in sooth,
Are reminiscences I fancy not.

My talent is not sadness; fate or chance,
Makes me a millionaire; which envious tongues,
Not wrongly have attributed in part,
To three insolvencies; they little know
Of twice three more; in every one of which,
Some needy friend, for a "Consideration,"
Became my scapegoat; far, O, very far,
Be it from me to arrogate perfection!
And would that all offenders were like me,
In sight of heaven a penitent sincere!

Saints beyond number have confessed to errors,
As I confess to mine; but charity
Can hide a multitude of such! This day
I stuffed with crumbs, and other broken food,
A fulsome lazar—nor reproved him much,
For perching at my entrance, and annoying
My fancy dogs, who, by-and-by began
Some close inspection of his wounds, received
In sundry battles; but I had no leisure,
To hear the fellow's yarn, perceiving him,
In sickness far advanced, and like to be
A public nuisance, straight I had him sent,
To our infirmary, to which I give
Five pounds per annum! Since that hour again,
To ragged bricklayers, in number five,
One shilling each I gave, and promised work,
At half their wonted pay; (not bad these times!)
Days, weeks indefinite—for I design,
Immense additions to my present stock;
My bursting warehouses, reputed large,
To others roomier and more substantial,
In course of business may as well give way.
And O, the prayers of these poor starving wretches,
With weeping wives, and little ones, no doubt,
Are in my reckoning; God, I thee adore,
For all thou gavest, givest, and shalt give;
For this good purpose, and a heart unlike,
The vile extortioners that I could name,
Idolators—adulterers—unjust—
Who break the ten commandments every hour,
And grind the poor, and no employment give.

Time shall arrive, for I intend my Future,
Even on the Past, a marvellous advance,
As hitherto, in conscience, I've done little,
Worthy high functions; true, I teach my hirelings,
To keep their places in the destined state,
To which they were ordained, and to be thankful
For daily bread; to honour every one
Above them placed. Of Envy to beware,

Pride, Sloth, and so forth; but a time shall come,
When my beneficence shall be the theme,
Of grateful millions! Schools, infirmaries,
Yea, churches my imagination sees
Rise on the future (like enchanted domes
By spell of genii), at my potent word!

Yes, I intend—be rapturous my soul,
In such intention!—witness, I intend
Such deeds that, to applauding generations,
The gilded mausoleum shall proclaim,
In terms more awful, sage, and durable
Than Memphian glyph, or Boustrophédon tablet,
The nabob who made trophy of two worlds,
And to the making of eternal friends,
His mammon of unrighteousness applied.

Rap-tap! come in—the paper! steady, boy!
Shut to the door; my glasses—let me see—
Births, marriages, and—deaths!—confound the type!
Another debtor dead! Heaven holds its sway,
In spite of rank!

(Sir Argent thus bewailed,
To brighter musings, dark corollary!
One death-insertion, in an evening paper,
Where, two days hence, his own was to be read.
Friends out of town this notice will accept.)



SONGS.

I.

THE PURLING RILL

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne."

LET Topers pass the social glass,
 To raise their spirits high;
 Or madly swill the brandy gill,
 Till on the ground they lie.
 No wine nor beer, the soul can cheer,
 Nor whisky from the still,
 Can joy impart, to head or heart,
 Like Nature's purling rill.

Let puffing quacks vile nostrums tax,
 Augmenting pain on pain;
 And beaming eyes, cosmetics prize,
 Loved beauty to retain.
 But stalwart arms, and lovely charms
 Might banish drug and pill,
 Were folks but wise, to patronize
 Fair Nature's purling rill.

Triumphant sot! with glass and pot,
 Cold water you deride;
 We'll take the shame, if you can name,
 One, who from Temperance died.
 Your pot and glass, in scores, alas!
 Their daily victims kill;
 Still you refuse, instead to use,
 Fair Nature's purling rill.

Talk not of slaves, who long for graves,
 From bondage to be freed;
 The slave endures, compared with yours,
 A tender fate indeed!

No chain enthralls, like Alcohol's,
 Soul, body, heart, and will,
 Dissolve this day, his yoke away,
 In Nature's purling rill.

Sweet Purling Rill, down craggy hill,
 Or sloping vales between;
 Or by the grove, where blushing love
 Breathes magic o'er the scene.

Thy seraph lays, in childhood days,
 We loved, and love them still;
 No gin-shop voice, can hearts rejoice,
 Like Nature's purling rill.

Fond brothers here, and sisters dear,
 Let none the cause betray!
 May poison cups, and moderate sups,
 From us be far away.

Ne'er may you need, again to read,
 A knavish taproom bill;
 Then pray be wise, and patronize
 Fair Nature's purling rill.

II.

THE MEXICAN MARTYR.

Tune: "The Ancient Church of Slane."

YE POWERS, whose high election, has emperors in protection,
 And plebians in subjection, assist us to deplore
 A potentate imperial, of race almost ethereal,
 Who late a Spartan burial, had on a distant shore.
 This mighty godlike sovereign, a foreign land would govern,
 And rashly ventured over on this fortune-chase of woe;
 Ill-omened was the morning, when he departed scorning,
 A good adviser's warning—and sailed for Mexico.

Mad France did him embolden, in foreign countries olden,
 To hunt for trophies golden, where Cortez won renown;
 Of course she only tricked him, by her unlucky dictum,
 To which he fell a victim, and lost both life and crown.
 In vain the royal German, did compass and determine,
 Among the Yankee vermin, the seeds of strife to sow;
 They still remained united, and all his hopes were blighted,
 And Royalty was slighted—in fatal Mexico.

To win the last engagement, he had a strong presagement
 And in his pious rage meant, the vagabonds to slay;
 Till old Juarez floored him, and like a slave secured him,
 Curse on them who allured him to vile Amerikay!
 With anguish and vexation, he saw his situation,
 And, in humiliation, he begged to be let go;
 But there was no denial, he had to take his trial,
 And drink the seventh vial, of grief in Mexico.

Says he: “You sons of niggers, put by your locks and
 triggers,
 Or you’ll cut awkward figures, if I but only wish;
 To rule your States disjointed, I’m legally appointed,
 For I’m the Lord’s anointed, like Saul the son of Kish.”
 They vulgarly retorted: “Let paupers be supported,
 Where always they resorted; ’tis fit it should be so!
 You vile imperial caitiff! we ought to twist your pate off;
 No ruler but a native shall govern Mexico.”

His Majesty perceiving, that there was no retrieving,
 And not much use in grieving, prepared to meet his doom;
 And so the villains slew him, and fired their bullets through
 him,
 And very quickly drew him, to his untimely tomb.
 Thus, like the prince of Ilion, fell mighty Maximilian!
 Foul fortune to the villain, that dared to lay him low;
 He’s but a thieving Tartar, his shirt who would not barter,
 To pledge the royal martyr, who fell in Mexico.

III.

THE OVERLAND ROUT (E.)

Tune: "The Minstrel Boy."

[NOTE: The first four verses of this song are parodied from "The Minstrel Boy." The third verse alludes to two prisoners killed, after arrest, by the Dutch.]

THE fighting Dutch from the wars are gone,
At their homes you'll shortly find them;
Their seven-league-boots they have girded on,
And the Kafirs close behind them.

Land of theft, cries the flying boer,
Though marauding hordes oppress thee,
Ere my hand of peace be stained with gore,
Moshesh may freely possess thee.

We fled not the field till our conquering sword,
Had brought two proud Bushmen under;
And to see any other bosoms gored,
It would rend our own asunder.

A comfortless thing is this wicked war,
Far worse than Siberian slavery;
We remember the fate of Wippenaar,
Who was killed with all his bravery.

We long stood sentry, on brake and fen,
Prepared every foe to slaughter;
Good job for the Kafirs, they shunned us then,
Or their blood had run like water!

But Peace is best! O, friends, are you blind?
Don't you see the wild Basutos?
There's a first-rate chance to loiter behind,
If we want the rogues to shoot us.

Hurra, for the bed, and the loaf, and the pie!
 And the foaming tumbler glorious;
 Campaigns, good-bye; let the wool-pates hie,
 And settle with friend Pretorius.

Sweet Peace, we invoke, in our bloodless retreat,
 May it prove no idle fiction;
 And our swords into pruning hooks we'll beat,
 Fulfilling the blest Prediction.

IV.

THE ALBANY HALL.

Tune: "Tullochgorum."

THE lamps are bright in yon fair Hall,
 The "Albany" we proudly call;
 And cheers ascend, as curtains fall,
 And Joy supreme is reigning;
 And knight and peasant, beau and belle,
 Knight and peasant—knight and peasant—
 Knight and peasant, beau and belle,
 With interest unfeigning;
 And knight and peasant, beau and belle,
 Attracted come, as by a spell,
 And all, by look and gesture, tell,
 Of pleasure well nigh paining.
 Let mother-country make the most
 Of her high-plumed Dramatic host;
 Full well we laud her honoured boast,
 As all the world before us.
 Still mirth and music here shall reign,
 Mirth and music—mirth and music—
 Mirth and music here shall reign,
 And Joy sit smiling o'er us;
 Still mirth and music here shall reign,
 Of Grahamstown, Hill-steet, we're as vain,
 As folks at home of Drury-lane,
 Though louder be their chorus.

Euterpe's warblers, haste and hear,
 A language to your heartstrings dear!
 Cecilia bright, our fallen sphere,
 Not yet has quite forsaken;
 No Greek explorers, from their ships,
 Greek explorers—Greek explorers—
 Greek explorers, from their ships,
 In dark enchantments taken;
 No Greek explorers, from their ships,
 Were ever lured by syren lips,
 That could those thrilling tones eclipse,
 Which all our hearts awaken.

Long years, incomparable Smythe
 Survive to keep us gay and blythe,
 For thee may Time's relentless scythe,
 Which lops our pleasures daily
 Lop care and trouble year by year,
 Care and trouble—care and trouble—
 Care and trouble, year by year,
 And smooth your pathway gaily,
 Lop care and trouble year by year,
 And smooth the path of your career,
 And long connect your genius here,
 With that of Poussard-Bailey.

V.

PROSPECT PLACE.

Tune: Auld Lang Syne."

WHERE Grahamstown stands, 'mid Afric's sands,
 An oasis heavenly fair;
 With waters clear, like Bendemeer,
 Or Dian's fountains rare;
 The cautious eye of passer-by,
 Or resident can trace,
 That Eden named, extolled and famed,
 As lovely Prospect Place.

Sweet verdant shades, in long Arcades,
On every side appear ;
A blest retreat, from summer's heat,
And wintry skies austere ;
Typhoons may rave o'er kloof and cave,
And other scenes deface,
But ne'er assail with wasting gale,
Transcendant Prospect Place.

Here see the rose, her bloom disclose,
The lily's statelier head ;
The daisy bright, recumbent quite,
By walk or mossy bed.
Not fair Cathay, can tints array,
In floral ground or vase,
That could outvie, in scent or dye,
The flowers of Prospect Place.

Of Phæacea's king, let dreamers sing,
His trees imprisoned round ;
Their "fertile mould," ripe "fruits of gold,"
"Wine floods," and "fairy ground."
To one loved spot, we conjure not,
Such supervenient grace ;
For fruits confess'd as Nature's best,
Commend we Prospect Place.

Green were the vales, and soft the gales,
And azure deep the sky ;
Where chiefs oppress, their spears could rest,
And "Alabama" cry ;
But scenes more fair, than visioned there,
Adorn sweet Nature's face,
While zephyr breathes, to fan her wreathes,
In lovely Prospect Place.

Far o'er the wave, its founder brave,
In court and camp was known ;
The peasant's guide, disdaining pride,
Yet bulwark of a throne.

Here let his name, the prestige claim,
Of Fintry's noble race;
And long his line, compeers outshine,
In lovely Prospect Place. .

VI.

THE DUTCH WARS.

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne."

COLONIAL DUTCH! your wars are such,
As might Don Quixote shame;
His windmills fierce, your hearts would pierce,
Should you to hearts lay claim.

Lament your sins, in healthy skins,
And shun the field of Mars;
Babes, ere they walk, now learn to mock,
Your Dutch Colonial wars.

Since that sad day, when in dismay,
From Wippenaar you fled;
And none of you, a sabre drew,
To shield your chieftain's head;
Your hosts amount, though you should count,
In number as the stars,
No man of sense would give twopence,
For Dutch Colonial wars.

Colonial Dutch, I praise you much,
For tongues that all things dare;
And heels that seem to move by steam,
When Kafirs press the rear.

Go! save your lives, with weans and wives,
From gun-shot wounds and scars;
Red coats or fate may terminate,
Your Dutch Colonial wars.

Some talk of plays, and Christy lays,
 Which give the crowd delight—
 And some in sport, those scenes resort,
 Where Punch and Judy fight.
 But nigger, loon, or mad buffoon,
 In feigned or angry jars,
 No crowds can draw, to laugh, Ha, ha!
 Like Dutch Colonial wars.

VII.

THE NEW DODGE.

Tune: Hugh Reynolds's Lamentation.

[This trifle relates to the capture of the burglar Smith, in 1866, who, after a variety of hair-breadth escapes, was simply enough brought to justice. Hearing a young gentleman, one rainy day, express a wish for his cloak and umbrella that he had forgotten at home, our hero had the coolness and address to go and possess himself of the articles, which ultimately led to his arrest. The allusion, in the third verse, is to a still greater proficient in the rogue's art, whose apprehension was brought about by a fancy hat, which he was seen wearing, and which had constituted a small item in one of his then recent midnight seizures.]

YE artful window borers, and midnight cell-explorers!
 I ask you as encorers, my sorrows to bewail!
 My name is "Smith the Shaver," no foot-pad ever braver,
 And, for my good behaviour, I lie in Grahamstown gaol.
 The thirteenth of October, collected, cool, and sober,
 Without a wrench or crowbar, I stormed a certain Lodge;
 My practices nocturnal, I tried to make diurnal,
 And did what—in the "Journal"—is termed a New dodge.

Just like a fearless fellow, whose heart is never mellow,
A cloak and new umbrella, I valiantly did prig;
You see I got them faster, by stating that young master,
In rain would meet disaster, without a proper rig.
Alas, the prowling bobbies! such actions are their hobbies!
Soon ransacked stairs and lobbies, to find where I did lodge;
It was their chief that found me, and with vile handcuffs
bound me,
I'd rather he had drowned me for playing my new dodge.

My grief, alas, is double! for there is comrade Noble,
Who has got into trouble, by breaking in a store;
This interfering chief here, has brought him into grief here;
Ah! by and by, no thief here, can plunder any more.
A hat of dandy fashion, brave Noble cut a dash in,
Despising law and session, the jury and the judge;
The lads aforesaid caught him, and to the prison brought
him,
Where bars and bolts have taught him, to play another
dodge.

Soon, at the Kowie station, or Katberg destination,
He'll feel the sad vexation, which many a dodger feels;
While I, at such hard labour, with many a dodging
neighbour,
Shall have a gun and sabre, still dodging at my heels.
Farewell, ye window borers, and midnight cell-explorers!
And gin and rum adorers, Tim, Sandy, Bill, and Hodge;
If with the bobbies pitted, you're sure to be outwitted,
And robbing, if you quit it, 'twill be the best new dodge.

VIII.

SOUTH AFRICAN PROSPECTS
IN 1870.

A CLOSING LAY.

THERE's gold in South Africa! Hear it, and sing,
Boer, banker, insolvent, and loafer;
From Extravaganzas and Polkas, take wing
To the wonderful Diggings at Ophir.

And gold is not all—hie away, friends, in spite
Of hunger, puff-adders, and simoons;
Ten to one but you'll fare some delectable night,
Like our friend, in the valley of diamonds.

Perfection's the goal that we hope to attain,
And onwards our progress is steady:
Although, in addition, we little can gain,
To what we have compassed already.

We've a city, whose Newspapers number but two,
And one Public Library's plenty;
Where Shanties and Bagnois, in pairs, greet the view,
And Tap-rooms a dozen—or twenty.

We have halls where our senators meet to declaim,
About wars, and their fate who must rue them;
'Tis safer, they find, in the pathway of fame,
To say splendid things, than to *do* them.

We've our own little wars, understood or exprest,
Which produce fewer weepers than laughers;
And Bobadil valour, which vents itself best,
In street rows with Fingoes and Kafirs.

We have shovels and picks of the best tempered steel,
(If the blacks could be flattered to use them;)
We have white men in scores, seeking labour with zeal,
(And tongues, bless our hearts! to refuse them.)

We have immigrants "*settling*" with honest intent,
To felons transformed as by magic;
To whom Death would be all but a comic event,
As marriage is all but a tragic.

The ground may be parched; we'll have rain, by and by,
Our hopes agricultural crowning;
The rivers to cross, you'll be welcome to try,
Old and young, who are proof against drowning.

We have streets that for darkness with Egypt might cope,
And railways—a paper creation!
Then drink to our land—'tis the "Cape of Good Hope,"
Ever true to its grand appellation.

END OF FIRST SERIES.

LAYS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Second Series.

PASTORALS.

I.

STREET LOAFERS.

COBUS AND ISHMAEL.

COBUS.

Not heard the sermon! Then you staid away,
To miss a treat, not common every day;
Our veteran preacher wielded well the sword,
And bravely fought the battle of his Lord.

ISHMAEL.

“Sword,”—“veteran,”—“battle,”—words like these imply
Some conquered victims!—did they fall or fly?
Or meanly yield? ’Tis something rare, you know,
To talk of vanquishing an absent foe.

COBUS.

Vice, and the slaves who for its cause would vote,
Were all the foes our Boanerges smote;
No foe to rectitude his zeal would spare,
Thief—gambler—drunkard,—each received his share,

Street loafers specially,—so numerous grown,
 He took good care to let them know their own.
 “Loafers!” he cried—“your idleness wont pay,
 Commence to work before another day.”

ISHMAEL.

O, pure philanthropy, without alloy!
 Of course he told them where to find Employ.

COBUS.

Of course you're wrong! He's not so void of grace,
 As so to desecrate that sacred place;
 But as I said,—the loafers got their share
 And felt it too, for some of them were there.
 Of their identity I had no doubt,
 Vile rabblement! their tatters point them out.

ISHMAEL.

So ends the matter! By the bye, you'd make
 A bad detective, were the law at stake;
 Suppose your loafer not in rags at all,
 But quite the gentleman, as such we call.
 Suppose him tricked in harlequin array,
 For which the gods or little fish might pay;
 With such appendages as watch and chain,
 Would his identity be quite so plain?

COBUS.

You interrupt me! Our good speaker next
 Appropriately ramified his text;
 Assailed the thieves—who, like a locust blight,
 Invade our walks and gardens of a night;
 Roost, larder, pantry; *sans* remorseful qualms,
 No place is sacred to their “itching palms.”
 But, as his reverence told them, without doubt
 Some day their wickedness will find them out.

ISHMAEL.

Likely enough!—and there is room to hope
 His godly censure took a wider scope,

Pitched into Bank-delinquents,—did it not ?
And flash insolvents,—were they quite forgot ?

COBUS.

Have you forgot the pulpit dignity ?
The speaker, too,—No barrister is he ;
Such disquisitions ill his cloth besem,
Who makes the gospel, not the law, his theme.

ISHMAEL.

Ah ! mutilated gospel,—pious trash !
Methinks 'tis that "*According to St. Cash.*"
Dishonesty in rags you can reproach,
But hail it spotless, riding in a coach !
Two gospels, friend, my faith will not endure,
One for the rich,—another for the poor ;
A worthless loafer Lazarus must seem,
And Dives, what a saint in your esteem !

COBUS.

Like matrimony, as a thing of course,
I take these things for better or for worse ;
Far be the day in which 'twill come my turn
The laws and customs of our land to spurn.

ISHMAEL.

I spurn the Proud, who would our poor accuse
Of idleness, as Pharaoh did the Jews.
Reminding proud ones ! When they so presume,
Of Ananias' and Sapphira's doom !
The hardy swain, inured to till the soil,
Appreciates the dignity of toil ;
His calling, unmistakeably defined,
He follows up—a blessing to his kind ;
Feels happy, truthful, independent, great ;
(The spade or crowbar is his mace of state)
Enjoys the avocation which supplied
Watts', Bunyans, Stephensons, their country's pride—
Becomes the theme of Virgils when they sing ;
Would ill make change of stations with a king.

For what were kings without the peasants' aid?
Who can describe how much the sceptre owes the spade?
But treat this peasant in his calm pursuit
With less attention than we show a brute;
Aye! tame him down by insult and neglect,
Ignore his sacred birthright—self respect,
Make his life pilgrimage, from year to year,
An unproductive, purposeless career;
Consign his youth, old age, or manhood's prime,
To Pauperism, that half-way house to crime.
Condemn him, finally, to beg relief;
And stare, some day, on finding him a thief;
Or—on beholding him, were war proclaimed,
A little careless where he stood or aimed.
Heavens! can't you honestly enquire, like Cain,
"Am I my brother's keeper?"—Sir be plain.

COBUS.

I'd more to urge, but shall postpone the rest;
No doubt your theory shall find a test,
Ere many sessions,—we shall have, they say,
A railway here, from Grahamstown to the Bay.

ISHMAEL.

Till then, one hope may cheer our loafing band,
The Diamond Fields won't shift from where they stand.

PART II.

COBUS AND ISHMAEL.

COBUS.

Like hostile Ancients, urged by "Jove and Fate,"
Or wiser heads, in some adjourned debate,
Again we meet! If ever question lay
Within a nut-shell, it is ours to-day;
Your zeal would go, to raise the pauper caste—
And mine to make the trade, a heresay of the Past.

ISHMAEL.

“The poor you’ve with you always,”—so ’twas said,
 By Him whose hands, the hungry often fed;
 Yet now, reviling them, are daily seen
 Our pseudo followers of the Nazarene;
 Heaven they profess to seek by “Faith alone,”—
 Consistently,—for all the works they’ve shewn;
 Thus, we, pretenders, vent our ravings mad,
 Against good works, because we love the bad.

COBUS.

’Tis vain, for charity, to press your suit,
 As it ’twere truly matter for dispute,—
 With many words, its merits to uphold,
 Would be, indeed, “to gild refined gold.”
 I speak of *tramps*, and often fresh from gaol,
 Who dun us daily with some artful tale;
 Feed, clothe, employ,—nay, pay them in advance,
 They’ll leave and rob you, when they get the chance!
 Say, is it charity to throw away
 Your cash on such imposters every day?
 Or want of charity, when you upbraid
 Knaves, and their eleemosynary trade?

ISHMAEL.

The wretch, whate’er his country or degree,
 Who steals, shall find no advocate in me;
 But, out of deference to broken laws,
 Of such effect, I fain would trace the cause.
 For cause exists; else how should it appear,
 That Celt and Saxon turn dishonest here,—
 Who, in a land they’d perish to uphold,
 Were often trusted with uncounted gold?
 Causes there are; first,—hunger, silent Fate—
 That forces marshals to capitulate!
 But greater far, let others count the cost!
 The galling sense of independence lost.
 A case in point, and one we both deplore,
 Would be the forger; our old friend McLore.

COBUS.

Like half the town, I knew him at a time
When few would think of charging him with crime.
As land-surveyor first, he's known for years;
Clerk, photographer, steward, in turn appears.
Slave of all work—persistent in his way,
'Twould seem as nothing found him much astray.
But times so change! for body or for mind,
Even he at last, can no employment find;
By friends surrounded, who condole his state,
With sympathies, which all, in words evaporate;
And he endures, long scorning to *appeal*;
Or bid those friends in heart or pocket feel.
Few facts remain; he would not beg for bread;
He asked for work, they gave him alms instead;
His fall succeeds, at time and place unblest—
Our circuit Calendar unfolds the rest!
Of independence he was over vain;
'Twas loss of this that fairly turned his brain.
So many solve the problem of his fall;
Though others seem to think, 'twas hunger did it all.

ISHMAEL.

Of all the precepts taught us above ground,
Fasting indeed has least acceptance found;
And none rejected it, since time began,
With less injustice than the working man;
Willing to toil, efficient,—hale and strong,
Where hunger is, he fancies something wrong;
Employed or unemployed,—the crime forgive!
Somehow he feels he has a right to live;
Repulsed perchance, he steals to find relief,
But deems his victim far the greater thief.
To such a one of what avail is law?
Or empty sounds, like Stuart and Nassau?
What part or lot has he in David? None!
And no inheritance in Jesse's son.
Seize, bind, immure him in your dungeons deep,
His Fate's a Nemesis that will not sleep;

Upon the scaffold, with his latest breath,
He'll tell you starving were a viler death;
Unpleasant truth!—but not to be denied,
We're saints and angels every man, till tried.

COBUS.

I'm not so sure there could be found no plan
For giving work to every willing man;
The statesman wise, who can the boon supply,
Will make a name his countrymen wont let die.
Then shall be known who's idle, who is not,—
The sober toiler from the worthless sot;
Our population, of all creeds and dyes
Bears no proportion to the country's size.
Hark! is there not an evil in the state
For which we all may singly legislate?
We rail at tyrants!—worse than fifty Dracoes,
Is one we freely serve, and that is Bacchus.
No law, no remedy by time disclosed,
Can much avail, till Bacchus is deposed.

ISHMAEL.

You've hit it now—(a thousand times agreed!)
And left me not another word to plead;
Sobriety and Industry! the state
That lacks in either is not good and great;
And blest by both, our own will yet be seen
A glorious nation, worthy such a Queen.

II.

THE NEW CHURCH AT
OATLANDS.

ALEK AND GILBERT.

ALEK.

No more the drought bewilders kloof and plain;
 Auspicious seed-time brings abundant rain;
 And yields or promises returning bloom
 To dahlia-tuber and gigantic boom.
 Then—what with oxen, hamels, and the rest—
 Another year will see me truly blest;
 Or nearer so, than conquest of the earth
 E'er made my namesake proud—of Macedonian birth.

GILBERT.

Good fortune still be your successful aim!
 To see you happy makes me, too, the same.
 Far more, I grant, than what so plain appears
 From speculation upon coming years;
 Yea, ought that you—or potentates may claim
 By childish parody of him you name;
 Who wept for other worlds, to crown his bliss—
 As well may all, who know of none but this.

ALEK.

There, moralist! you have it all by rote;
 You've been to church—and learnt the preacher's note:
 Instruct me further, which (I blush to guess),
 Will priest or parson be your next address?

GILBERT.

I dare be either, in the same degree,
 As you the Macedonian "Hoc age;"
 All have some Church,—in sadness I allow
 The dance and ball room are our churches now.

ALEK.

You talk by random! this I cannot bear;
 We folks in Grahamstown churches have to spare;
 So much so, truly, that we could dispense
 With more, at least, some generations hence.
 Vain thought! in stately architectural style
 Aspiring Oatlands rears her gothic pile;—
 The building's grand, but what its use may be,
 Let those explain who better know than we.
 So many such already are in use—
 We, by a third, their number might reduce.

GILBERT.

Well spoke, Retrencher, on a future day
 You'll prove a treasure somewhere I could say.
 No doubt your genius could devise the means
 Of practising retrenchment on canteens,
 Whose fronts ubiquitous, with churches run
 Much in the ratio of five to one.

ALEK.

Cathedral domes, I cordially allow,
 At times are suitable, but not so now,
 When trade is dull,—and we can scarce procure
 A rag and crust for the deserving poor—
 The *Poor*, I say, whose poverty and grief
 Less needs Cathedrals than a Night Relief.

GILBERT.

Don't make me think you would, on like pretence
 Sell Mary's ointment for three hundred pence!
 OUR Mary here, by love divine inspired,
 Did all *untided* which the work required.
 This Church's foundress,—let her deed be known
 In torrid, temperate, and frozen zone.
 With holy zeal she long herself denied
 The pomp which else her thousands had supplied;
 Left an example which the so-called great
 Are quick to praise, but slow to imitate.
 O, wealthy ones, in riches callous grown;

Is every splendour honestly your own?
 By custom sanctioned, and by right unawed,
 In ways how many are ye robbing God—
 Who, where he placed you, work for you can find
 To teach His poor—or feed them if inclined?
 Go, proud Belshazzars! quaff your Samian wine
 In other cups than from the house divine;
 Nor, from God's poor, His borrowed gifts conceal
 Where moth and rust corrupt; and thieves break through
 and steal.

ALEK.

The Christian lady that you so extol
 Has all men's praises, and deserves them all;
 She stands a proof—against your censure loud,
 That rich folks are not necessarily proud.
 My views, however, have too old a date
 Cathedral worship to appreciate.
 I've heard Sir Snatchgold, in his parlour, say
 He felt offended at so much display;
 "My wants," said he, "when I to Heaven would tell,
 "What need of domes? a barn would suit as well."

GILBERT.

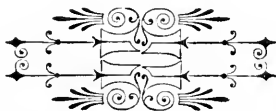
I cry you mercy, and his Honour's too;
 Cathedral worship's not so very new,
 Or history lies! and pigmies such as we
 May, like Zaccheus, view from such a tree.
 But for his Honour!—you've his parlour seen,—
 Its gorgeous walls! its carpets blue and green!
 Stained glass and furniture, immensely grand!
 And paintings rare, by many a master hand!
 Its costly comforts! Now, contrast the whole
 With any barn from here to either pole!
 O, worthy Snatchgold! purged of generous leaven;
 How kind to self; how niggardly to Heaven!
 Pray in your barns, and, like a prudent man,
 Get on to Heaven as cheaply as you can;
 O, sight sufficient to make demons smile,
 If they indeed can notice ought so vile!

ALEK.

Like or dislike,—this building, to my mind—
Bids fair to be a model of its kind;
In short, when finished, you may note it down,
In homely phrase,—the finest church in town.

GILBERT.

And, if so then,—it may be longer, too;
Church friends are many; Madame Wrights how few!
Our sainted patroness achieved her end;
May its result her holiest hope transcend;
And her pure acts, from symptom of decay,
Her memory embalm, till Time's remotest day.



MISCELLANEOUS.

I.

ODE ON THE BRITISH SETTLERS' YEAR OF JUBILEE.

"Nam qui hec dicunt, palam ostendunt se patriam guærrere."

EPOCH of hope! Auspicious year;
 Our pride to see;
 Hail to thy bright eventful advent here—
 Grand Jubilee!
 Since on these shores—our lot was cast,
 Of years, seven Sabbaths number with the past;
 Thy dawn, O, sacred year! proclaim we now at last.
 Chime for the Settlers' Jubilee,—
 Spire, turret, fane!
 Resound abroad, with quickening ecstasy,
 The proud refrain.
 Late, by the Gospel-trumpet called—
 O, Africa! in Satan's bondage galled,
 Shout for the Jubilee, with spirit disenthralled.
 Kloof, table-land, and peak sublime,
 Take up the peal;
 Chide o'er this wondrous, Heaven-acknowledged clime,
 Man's flagging zeal.
 From that far bound, where hope first rose
 On Lusitanian Vasco's gathering woes,
 To regions far beyond—where Transvaal Jordan flows.

How vast in prospect, mortal man,
One Spring appears!
In retrospect, how limited the span
Of fifty years!
Yet gaze around,—how few remain,
Who, in this land first shared our joy or pain!
Nor doubt we, honored dead, our loss has been your gain.
Shamgars and Jairs! our heroes true,
Your types of yore
Gain not by fair comparison with you,
In heaven-sent lore.
No chief, on Seir's, or Bochim's brow,
Not Gera's son, nor him of "the rash vow."
In zeal, for cause of right—transcends your glory now.
Your god-like clemency to life,
In conflicts fell;
The Zeebs and Orebs of each mortal strife,
Survive to tell.
The ruthless hand, with dagger bared,
In hour of conquest, by your mercy spared,
Has since, as that of friend, your love and bounty shared.
Far better learned your skill to pierce
The forest King;
Transfix grim Isgram, or the tiger fierce,
In his death-spring.
Like Kabzeel's Worthy who could dare,
In time of snow, to savage haunts repair,
And slay the monster huge, e'en in his gory lair.
Not gold but prowess then was fame,
Throughout this land;
True stalwart valour was the test of claim
To Beauty's hand.
What marvel to acquire such bays,
Each tried to emulate his fellow's praise?
O, there were mighty men,—yea, "giants in those days"—
Then learned Moodie, Temlett sage,
And valiant Graham,

Bequeathed, in turn, to the historic page,
A lasting name.
As others of no mean degree,
Whose statesmen ken, and iron chivalry
Might worthily attain the rank of "the first Three."

This of the dead,—embalmed in tears,
In fame alive;
And can we less revere their loved compeers,
Who still survive?
Ah no! their lives, to many a prayer,
Long, very long, may Heaven benignly spare,
And long each honored brow, its crown of glory wear.

Unwooded, chaste Clio, ever young,
Descends to save
Her British Settlers from Detraction's tongue,
And Lethe's wave.

The names of the adventurous few,
Her lamp of Truth displays aloft in view;
Enshrined among the world's regenerators true.

Unutterably fair, behold,
The goddess bright!
In form and visage of ethereal mould,
Enrobed in light!
With golden harps—a seraph band,
Less prominent her tuneful sisters stand—
And thus a child of earth receives her high command:—

"Thou, favoured of the Vestal Nine;
"Forensic Cole!
"The special delegated task be thine,
"Beyond control;
"To celebrate this Jubilee—
"In Delphic tones—not uninspired by me,
"That envy's self shall mark, for immortality.
"Fail not to chronicle a state,
"Beset with woes,
"When, like Apollo, on its vision—late
"Wise Porter rose;

“Embodiment of Hyde and Hume—
“My future Aristides to assume
“In every council sway, and change a nation’s doom.”
It comes! the dawn of brighter times—
When, to our shores,
The ships of Chittim and remoter climes,
Shall bend their oars!
When Africa distressed no more,
Shall nobly emulate Columbia’s shore,
In European might—and Asiatic lore.
It comes, it comes! ye brethren dear,
Loud swell the song;
Lo, balmy Abib ushers in the year,
Expected long!
Illustrious in your thousands come!
High in your ancestors’ adopted home,
Raise, to triumphal notes,—the grand memorial dome.
Rouse, Jubilants, by Truth made free,
Stand ever true;
Nor be your sires, Promethean energy,
Extinct in you.
Forget not,—even in Canaan’s land,
Though borne to conquest—with a mighty hand,
Your faithfulness to prove—unconquered nations stand.
Thrones raised upon our primal fall,
Yet mock the skies!
Fierce and unvanquished still,—yea, worthy all
Your war emprise.
Press, in His cause, expectant on,
Whose sovereign Presence, ever unwithdrawn,
Inspires our Faith and Hope, in this Millennial dawn.

II.

ELIJAH AT HOREB.

"WHAT dost thou here, Elijah?"—All have read
 How Ethbaal's daughter terrified the seer.
 His plaint unworthy; Horeb's cave of dread:
 Fire, tempest, earthquake, and the voice that said
 What dost thou here?

And queen and Tishbite long have passed away,
 With their surroundings, while to many an ear,
 That call repeats itself, to grave and gay,
 Even as an Echo, doomed perforce to say
 What dost thou here?

O, sordid worldling, in Devotion's mask,
 Like Saul at Ramah, chaunting, loud and clear,
 In choir or pew, an ill-allotted task,
 Soon hear the voice, which comes uncalled to ask
 What dost thou here?

Proud statesman, too, who hast admission found
 To courts and senates, trading, year by year,
 On peasant suffrages, by fortune crowned,
 If Nature stamped thee—tiller of the ground,
 What dost thou here?

Dull morning dreamer! ready still to woo
 The couch of Somnus, as the corpse its bier;
 While yet no corpse, such rest is not for you!
 Avoid that couch—it will thy rest undo!
 What dost thou here?

Thou twilight roamer, who hast "met a friend,"
 With open purse and Bacchanalian cheer;
 In sweet beginnings, seek a bitter end!
 Or, from this parlour, home thy footsteps bend—
 What dost thou here?

Who dares anticipate a single day,
 From gorgeous Delhi, to the frozen Mere,
 In Torture's hurricane, or Pleasure's ray?
 Nor dread the summons: "Mortal—hence, away!"
 "What dost thou here?"

Days swell to years, and both shall onward roll:
 And Dobson's visitor, uncalled, appear,
 To count his warnings, pointing to the goal,
 And whisper many an unexpected soul,
 What dost thou here?

Come, voice of Horeb! call in doomsday tone,
 To doomsday mortals in a doomed career:
 Invade the mart, the Chaingang and the throne;
 Shout to our sleepers, each and every one,
 What dost thou here?

Come, voice of Horeb! far and wide resound!
 Wake some to duty; all to godly fear;
 To every idle cumberer of the ground
 Say, in a tone that shall his guilt confound,
 What dost thou here?

Come, voice of Horeb! ere from distant skies,
 A louder summons rends the nether sphere;
 And quick and dead that summons realize—
 And each interpret for himself:—"Arise!"
 "What dost thou here?"

O, then! to rank with those whose sins forgiven,
 Await the advent of Immanuel dear!
 To such blest spirit, purged of earthly leaven—
 The call shall be—"My child, thy home is Heaven;
 "What dost thou here?"

III.

THE AVARICIOUS PEELER.

A TALE.

SOME facts are hidden, some are plain
 As pebbles after summer rain;
 While others mock the curious gaze,
 Like meteors in a midnight haze.

But, of all truths propounded or made clear,
 In idle pertinacity or gravity,
 There's none so patent after all, I fear,
 As man's depravity.
 For instance,—think how meanly economical
 We find the Bobby of his working powers!
 And how sometimes he reckons cash and hours,
 Is truly comical!
 From wise reproof
 He often keeps aloof,
 On just admonishment prepared to trample;
 Of which my rhyme,
 (Stern foe to crime!)
 Shall furnish an example.

A squire of venerable mien,
 Who three parts of a century had seen;
 With constitution honourably shaken;
 With cranium hoary,
 His crown of glory;
 And thoughtful visage redolent of *Bacon*;
 A man,—a sage, who, even above his years,
 Could mysteries disentangle;
 With student wrangle;
 Move smiles or tears;
 Tri-sect an angle;
 Or on the hustings, baffle all compeers.
 This man, I say,
 Roamed out one day,
 And homeward as his course he slowly wended,
 A peeler he espied,
 Whom without pride,
 Straight to advise he condescended.
 Thus flowed his wisdom, without note or book,
 Like Milton's poetry, from Siloa's brook:—

“Policeman! were such things to be,
 I'd fondly change my lot with thine;
 For you're the luckiest man I see,
 By all that's fine!

“Our lives and properties to guard,
All weathers,—early hours and late—
Good man! your privilege is great,
And brings its own reward.

“Such recompense ’tis yours to seek and win—
Yet be not proud,—for Pride is sin!
Yours is a post of dignity;
A sacred trust! A happy lot!
Take heed, my friend, temptation flee;
Self-preservation study not.

“You’ve only to uphold the laws;
And safety, danger, censure, or applause—
Are things with which the like of you
Has nothing got to do.

“The public you are sworn to serve,
And never swerve,
At call of bounden duty—

“For brawny muscle, tender nerve,
Or weeping Beauty.

“All bosom feelings, as high treason, smother;
Endure a curse or blow,
From sot or fellest foe;

“Arrest your dearest chum,—convict your mother!
To make all sure, beyond a doubt,
That any call be not neglected;
At every bark or shout,
Be ready to turn out;
For ’tis expected,—

“In private dress, or uniform,
In bed, or battling with the storm,
Confronting foes, or greeting friends,
A true policeman’s duty never ends.
All private interests and desires
Without reluctance he ignores!
And, in ambition never soars
Beyond what duty sanctions and requires.”

His Honour ceased, and drawing nearer
His humble hearer;

Expected thanks; what could he less?

But who can guess
 With what a heavy deep-drawn sigh
 He heard this insolent reply:—
 “’Tis in my thinking,—worthy Squire,
 If you and others of your lofty tribe,
 In Diamond-days, like these, require,
 Such men as you describe;
 For such immaculates you’ll kindly pay
 A trifle more than half-a-crown a day.”

IV.

THE HOLY STOREMAN

A TALE.

BIOGRAPHIES are fine when ably penned,
 Like that of Sam,
 Britannia’s literary Cham;
 But, candid reader, I opine
 That yours and mine,
 (Whate’er our panegyrists may pretend)
 Would read no worse if written by a friend.
 The Israelitish scribe could paint
 A countryman as seer or saint;
 Whose portrait would not shine so bright
 If taken by a Canaanite.

A Philistine’s or Syrian’s life of David,
 Could such engrave it,
 On History’s page—as I’m alive,
 Might seem a Begum’s portraiture of Clive:
 A Scipio by a Carthaginian;
 A Calvin by a mild Arminian!
 From every such atrocious Nepos,
 Kind Fortune keep us!
 Our moral portraits are our own;
 And every man should draw himself alone;

So thought Van Wyck,
 Stout Mozambique;
 When late he sought a place, as storeman;
 With Hants, a Boer,
 Who, in his store,
 Just needed such a foreman.

"Van Wyck," said Hants, "my worthy neighbour,
 For care and labour,
 I'll pay you well,—you know I can;
 But tell me, are you a converted man?
 Rowland, a youth of European blood
 And antecedents good,
 I sent away,
 The t'other day;
 Incensed and disconcerted,
 Because the fellow had not been converted.

"Another fault this European had;
 Almost as bad!
 Of *keeping* he was over nice,
 And on his labour, set too high a price.
 Which Europeans often do,
 ('Tween me and you!)
 Their love of the unrighteous mammon,
 Would breed a famine.
 Alas, Van Wyck! this world of sin,
 That we are in,
 Is something fearful!—hence my care
 Is to beware
 Of having those within my gates,
 Their MAKER hates:
 So, every ill contingency to shun,
 I must have a converted man or none."

"Old Baas!" replied the Mozambique—
 "'Tis downright bliss to hear you speak!
 Yah, yah,—it surely was de lord
 Dat sent me here dis day!
 You *praatt* sound gospel every word—
 I'll kiss de book to all you say.

Don't mention payment;—we'll agree;
 Give what you please; t'will do for me.
 My wealth is far beyond de sky;
 Such hopes are in my bosom hived;
 I always feel prepared to die;
 Converted!—bless you,—I'm *revived*.
 Of Rowland all de neighbours say
 He's turned a peeler at de Bay:
 Alas, for my ungodly rival!
 Do well he never can;
 Poor man! Poor man!
 Till he has a revival."

Van Wyck here ceases with a yawn, and pants,
 'Twixt lack of breath, and gratified ambition;
 The bargain closes; who but Hants
 Rejoices in his acquisition!

 As fondest brothers,
 We leave the sanctimonious pair;
 In transports rare,
 That they are not as others,
 Or even this Rowland, who, far, far away,
 Down at the Bay,
 On Queen-street Beat, ere Phoebus rises,
 Soliloquizes
 To this effect:—"My sympathy
 Is with good Hants, who gulled must often be!
 Had I the conscience, on a certain day,
 With his credulity to play;
 How easily could I have stood his test.
 I'm made of other stuff,—
 With faults enough;
 Without hypocrisy among the rest."

The circuit comes, and Rowland's fame appears,
 With credit to his section;
 A thief of his detection,
 Got sentenced to the Katberg seven years.
 The theft had been a heartless trick,
 And merited a rogue's disaster;

'Twas friend Van Wyck,
The Mozambique,
Sweet cherub! who had robbed his master.

Ye who contrive, without disgust,
With gulls like Hants to sympathize,
Say is it just,
If wars alone can make them wise,
Or teach them whom to trust?

V.

LINES

ON WOODROFFE'S GLASS
STEAM ENGINE.

INGENIOUS structure of a master mind,
Which earth's two Hemispheres are proud to claim!
Perplexing maze! O, fairest of thy kind;
What time shall sever thee from Woodroffe's name?

Thy dædal texture, like Arachne's loom
With every tinge of Iris variegated;
Ensnares all hearts; and may the charm assume,
Puck's fairy girdle aims at,—uncreated.

O, rotary dazzle! Mystic group
Of wheels in wheels—a sapphire constellation;
That girls and boys in many a gleesome troop,
And sage and statesman view with acclamation!

Evanish gently as a waking dream
If soon our loved ones, cheerless must bewail thee!
Nay, fair forerunner of an age of steam;
Science in miniature! as such we hail thee.

While diamond stars illuminate the deep;
Or lilies bloom; or droops the golden willow;
Thy great inventor's matchless fame shall keep
Firm pace with Time, o'er land and restless billow.

For his departure hence, what can atone?
Can fate or fortune find us such another,
To make Columbia's rarities our own,
And Brother Jonathan a pleasant brother?

Kind friend!—and Thou—the partner of his heart,
Take countless thanks; thy deeds shall men peruse,
While fragile glass—now flexile in thine art,
Shines, dear to Woodroffe's genius and the Muse.

VI.

THE GREAT DENTIST.

(WRITTEN ON THE SUSPENSION OF THE REV. MR.
TOOTH.)

SAYS Madame Church to Doctor Law,

In tones not most engaging—

“I've got here, in my upper jaw,

A Tooth that sets me raging.”

“I know you have,” the doctor said,

“For many an alien surgeon

Has been invited to your aid;

Hall, Cumming, Dunn, and Spurgeon.”

“Help, Doctor dear!” she cried, “be kind,

And do your best endeavour;

They tried to stop it, but I find,

’Tis worse, by far, than ever!”

Now, Master Law his business knew;

And this is how he acted—

A *patent* instrument he drew,

And soon the stump extracted.

A building in Horsemonger Lane,

For rarities erected;

Received the fang, which does remain

For all who would inspect it.

And thou, whom chance may thither draw,
Be sure, ere thou departest ;
To wish good speed to Doctor Law,
For he's the real Artist.

VII.

DEATH'S CURATE "WILL."
(CLERK AND UNDERTAKER.)

"Ay, fill it full with WILLS, and my WILL one."—SHAKESPEARE.

A curate death has got,
Not far from Settlers' hill ;
And where he lives—that spot
Bears every friend good WILL.

Commandments ten he keeps,
And one beside the ten ;
And many a laughter weeps
To hear him bawl Amen.

And many a weeper knows,
For more than conscience sake
He undertakes for those
Whom death may overtake.

He wishes none to die,—
But knells must toll, and then,
Of course he pipes his eye,
And practises Amen.

But frail is human breath,
In spite of drug or pill ;
Some day the *will* of death,
May be the death of WILL.

Long may his life exceed
Our three score years and ten ;
And may he never need
A clerk to say Amen.

IX.

THE VELOCIPEDE

A SWELL there was who had no steed,
And he purchased a new velocipede;
So on it rolled—till young and old
Ran out to see the velocipede.

“Good-bye,” he said, “I must proceed
My journey on, with railway speed;
Each gig and car—to distance far,
With my improved velocipede.”

Along came cars and gigs indeed—
But of them all he kept the lead;
Nor seemed so much—as earth to touch,
With his improved velocipede.

A sable fair—so Fate decreed—
Whose gold a darkey’s cause would plead—
Just strode along, the crowd from among,
To glance at the new velocipede.

She, in his heart, had made a screech,
And, for the crime, her own did bleed;—
So that very day—to a town far away,
They hied on the new velocipede.

A charger of Arabian breed
Beneath a jockey bribed and fee’d
Went on their track,—but ne’er came back
With news of the said velocipede.

Pedestrians! in time take heed;
Our moral he who runs may read—
The time is nigh—when all must try
The use of a new velocipede.

IX.

SAINT GEORGE AND THE
DRAGON.

AN EASTERN TRADITION.

THUS spake the Libyan Monarch,—and rent his withered
hair,

“Upon your king have pity; his only daughter spare;
Take all my gold and silver, but give her back to me,
On whom the lot is fallen a Dragon’s meal to be.”

“O king! your royal sorrow by none was ever seen,
For all the weeping parents whose daughters in Silene
Are daily led to slaughter!—even as a holy vow
Your law has been respected—and we shall keep it *now*.”

Behold the youthful princess, in bridal pomp arrayed—
Bright as the first of roses, recumbent in its shade;
Sweet as the blush of morning, and to the robe she wore,
Not Andon or Arachne could add enchantment more.

And see her bound in silence, to meet the doom alone;
Her finger bore a signet, her waist an iron zone;
As, to a passing stranger she cried:—“Heaven succour you!
One moment and I perish!—Fly, ere you perish too.”

’Twas George of Cappadocia! He saw the danger near,—
Thrice bore upon the monster; thrice smote him with his
spear;

Restored the lovely victim, to friends with rapture filled,—
O lady, fear no danger, your mortal foe is killed!

Your contrite sire confesses the faith erewhile despised—
And he with court and household, are joyfully baptized;
So may each Christian soldier a “more than conqueror” be;
And o’er “the fiery dragon” obtain a victory.

X.

THE CAPE REFORMER.

AN ELECTION ADDRESS.

ELECTORS of South Drakensdyke !
Immerged in slave condition ;
The time has come for you to strike
For speedy manumission.
This epoch, much to your relief,
A future bright discloses ;
With me, deliverer-in-chief,
Like Joshua or Moses.

Too long, no doubt, I've silence kept,
And my grand purpose cheated ;
Though many a bitter tear I've wept,
To think how you've been treated.
On you,—to think how tyrant knaves
Enact the scenes of Sparta !
No Goshen thralls or Norman slaves
More needed Magna Charta.

O, I have pondered much alone,
In bed, and veld, and arbour ;
To frame Cape laws, the finest known,
And maps of Cowie harbour.
Just fancy what a loss is here,—
A shame the wide world over !
I'd make that sea-port in a year,
A second Deal or Dover.

The storm of politics to calm,
And molify its rough rage,
My wits I'll set,—and first I am
For more extended suffrage.

No maid, nor boy confined to school
For yesterday's defections,
Shall be excluded, as a rule,
From voting at Elections.

The Diamond fields shall have my care,—
Just now exposed to pillage;
Let's see:—I'll have a railway there,
From every inland village.
The troops must all return again,
With legions yet uncounted;
Of foot some twenty thousand men,
And half that number mounted.

Your striplings then may draw the sword,
To better their condition;
Not one of them, I pledge my word,
Shall fail of a commission.
Should some prefer the Church or Law,
Such interest I can fish up,
As soon shall make each Johnny Raw,
Chief Justice or Archbishop.

You pant with thirst of learning sweet,
So to enhance your knowledge,
I'll plant a school in every street,—
In every town a college.
Colonial lingo now in use,
Is very well to praat in,
But you shall see me introduce
Greek, Hebrew, French, and Latin.

The thefts of sable friends and foes
Predict no pleasant sequel;
With Border Power you soon may close,
In grapplement unequal.
Bad bridges, of more grief the source,
Than I can think or mention—
And locusts,—all these things in course,
Shall have my best attention.

Your other wants, whate'er they be,
'Tis folly now to hide them;
Cape politicians—you can see
Require some chief to guide them.
Let Saul, or even Porter make
His master-piece oration;
And in reply I'm apt to shake
The "house" to its foundation!

My rivals twain would prove by facts,
I'm one of Nature's sad ones;
Devoid of grace for pious acts,
Or intellect for bad ones!
But one's a fox with sly intent,
The other quite a dead lamb;
So send me quick to Parliament—
And then as quick to Bedlam.

XI.

DIVES REDIVIVUS.

'Tis of a rich man near an African hoek,
Imported from some part of Britain;
You'd say that account in the sixteenth of Luke,
For him, in perspective, was written.

The purple, fine linen, and feasting in state,
Are all quite in point to the letter;
Save this, that no paupers are laid at his gate,
Experience has taught them all better.

To lordling and swell, he is all "hand-in-glove,"
With manners beseeching high station;
Every female in silk has his greeting of love,
And low bow—and hat salutation.

So much for the wealthy, alas for the poor!
 When one of that number approaches,
 Such welcome is found, as the comatose boor
 Reserves for the foe who encroaches.

Our hero has those who describe him indeed,
 'Gainst Vice an unsparing declaimer;
 His name it is needless to write or to read,—
 What odds be it Dives or Damer?

You'll stare! he is one who on topics divine,
 Has holiday phrases harmonious:
 Right Reverend! how many would fondly incline
 To think the description erroneous!

The pulpit he mounts, as the tyrant his throne,—
 And bawls to the young and the hoary,
 With a scowl, and a gesture, a stamp, and a tone,
 Which plainly belie his own story.

Does he toil for a master and home in the skies,
 While in Mammon's vile services flurried?
 Pray God that he may never "*lift up his eyes*"
 With the "*rich man*" who "*died and was buried.*"

XII.

TO DIVES AT HOME.

FOR God's sake, Dives, are you fairly landed
 In snug "Auld Reekie" to devotion dear!
 And grown at once devout and open handed;
 A weakness few could tax you with out here?
 Where yet you fared as well as ever man did,
 With those you could forsake without a tear.
 'Twas little dreamt you destined were to leave us;
 But such is life; good Dives Redivivus!

To leave poor heathens, half converted here—
 Seems hard at first, but little to be wondered,
 That you prefer big thousands every year,
 To netting something like so many hundred.
 For who could guzzle “smoke” or Kafir beer,
 While there was brandy, contraband or plundered?
 And Times are mended; laws not quite the same as
 When gospel folks are forced to act as Demas.

Or that Apostle whom, in one denial,
 Some men resemble; or make tents like Paul,
 Like whom, of voyaging, you made a trial;
 To do you justice, not since Adam’s fall,
 Was ever shadow truer to the dial,
 Than your bright self to every urgent call,
 That proved no hoax; but with a guarantee,
 From Mammon’s Trinity: great £ s. d.

Now throned in state, a high adept you prove
 In lofty apostolic computations,
 By calling others in the work of *love*
 At your right hand and left to take their stations.
 Not such as do the will of Him above,
 For merely doing so, but close relations,
 Who, in your wake, will soon be making tracks,
 Away from “*Africa among the Blacks.*”

Of course you still can act as promulgator
 Of gospel truths the wicked to appal;
 There’s Dives, to begin with; there’s the traitor,
 Who got the sop, some moments ere his fall—
 There’s one who’d “pull down barns to build up greater;”
 There’s one again yeleft the “whited wall.”
 The buried talent too, you might apply;
 And there’s the camel and the needle’s eye.

Meantime, Auld Reekie! recollect our cross
 Has been your crown; put all your harps in tune.
 Long may you reap the gain of our sad loss,
 Which may be yours, we cannot tell how soon.

'Tis not in Dives, nor the Man of Ross,
 To shun "*the lean and slippered pantaloons*;"
 And something else—not fit for meditation,
 With terms of pure unmixed congratulation.

XIII.

THE KIRK'S NEW ALARM.

"Of Gentlefolks I here would sing; not peasants, no, no, no!
 "Tent-makers please to stand aside; and carpenters also;
 "With Galilæan fishermen, and rustics in a row."
Dealtry's Ghost.

MOTHER CHURCH, Mother Church; who can handle the birch,
 Our eyes, to one fact, there's no shutting,
 You have tried at the Cape, Madame Brownrigg to ape—
 And a switch for yourself you've been cutting.

Lord Natal, Lord Natal! your'e a fool to rebel—
 And the saints shall consign you to Clootie;
 Could you never find out, in presuming to doubt,
 That to act and not think was your duty?

Doctor Bleek, Doctor Bleek! you've had marvellous *cheek*,
 To give holy folks a denial;
 When your creed—nothing less—you refused to confess,
 At the—what shall we call it—the *Trial*.

Daddy Fray, Daddy Fray! if its true what they say,
 The scale of your claims is not narrow!
 No wonder, 'tis plain, you the mitre disdain,
 For, 'tis said you expect the tiara.

Hal the sage, Hal the sage! you could spout on a stage—
 Or the bench, if they got you the ermine;
 But we humbly beseech when you next make a speech,
 That you'll pause ere you call it a *sermon*.

Saint Macrorie, Saint Macrorie! you may seem in your
 glory,
 As patrons can handle the pen so.
 Still folks will expect—that you shall not neglect
 A speedy reply to Colenso.

Pious Green, pious Green! you're a consummate dean
 'Twere treason to huff such a creature!
 Church doors you may lock—if allowed by the flock—
 For your name well accords with your nature.

Stentor Lloyd, Stentor Lloyd! they were sadly employed,
 Who ordained you a teacher in Salem;
 Yet you're well qualified, even prophets to chide,
 As a gem of your kindred did Balaam.

Betsey Bay,* Betsey Bay! you're as charming as May;
 And the lamps of your bloom are not flickering;
 Having sweethearts galore—you should coquet no more,
 With such wooers as Johnson and Pickering.

Taylor fine, Taylor fine! though at Long Kloof you shine,
 An improvement on Nature's great plan,
 You were booked in the corps—from whose ranks twenty-
 four
 Are required to make up a man.

Limping Hook, Limping Hook! you may hide in a nook,—
 When flocks have the right of election;
 No offence to your gait, but alas for your pate!
 For 'tis there you're lame to perfection.

Saints at home, Saints at home! you should hie back to Rome,
 And few quondam friends shall be grieved;
 Be it crown, be it cross,—they can bear such a loss—
 There's no wisdom in being deceived.

* Port Elizabeth.

Oxford Sam, Oxford Sam! Common sense is no sham,
 Though severe on your muttering brulzie;
 In vain you oppose, for the country well knows
 You're a second edition of Wolsey.

Lads divine, lads divine! of the unbroken line—
 Down from Linus, Saint Patrick or Parker;
 You may fancy your stream clear as Heaven's sunbeam,
 But the Tiber itself is not darker.

Prophets all, Prophets all! sprung from Peter and Paul—
 Your Sisyphean pretensions are flighty;
 To sink or to save any heir of the grave—
 Dare you think to instruct the Almighty?

Timid souls, Timid souls! Heaven *all things* controls—
 Let falsehood provide against harm;
 But Truth shall stand fast,—undismayed to the last—
 So a truce to the Kirk's New Alarm.

XIV.

THE PHILISTINE LOCATION.

A KAFIR TALE.

Know you the black Location, beyond the Cowie stream,
 Where triumphs dissipation, and vain reformers dream?
 Where angry natives quarrel, and the friends of Reformation
 Bewail their deeds immoral, at the Philistine location.

Of course there's much in system,—the best may judge
 amiss;
 There may be pain in wisdom, in ignorance much bliss.
 Such maxims, if well founded, afford this consolation,
 That a scene of bliss unbounded, is the Philistine location.

To sound a note of warning—and words of truth to teach,
 To sages went, one morning, a learned Busby each;
 Their private broils condoning, of party, sect, and station,
 They came, disputes postponing, to the Philistine location.

As Saints they walked, or rather, as conquerors to invade—
 Thus *Patriarch* and *Father* once joined in one crusade;
 O, prospect uninviting! O, scene of consternation!
 They found the niggers fighting—at the Philistine location.

Upon a countenance merry, Piet sported one black eye;
 Klaas waved a monstrous kerrie, and Hants an assegai!
 Clenched knuckles delved and thundered—in fierce degladi-
 ation,

Among the foes, some hundred, at the Philistine location.

Stout champion Packamesa, to earth his foeman dashed—
 Jim *alias* Gondolesa proclaimed his shoulder smashed!
 Swaart wives displayed their powers of ratiocination—
 And rained abuse in showers, at the Philistine location.

Sad murderers and maimers! they fought nor seemed to
 cease—

Till our two truce-proclaimers rushed in, and shouted
 “Peace!”

Not Greek, nor Trojan Herald, in Homer’s grand narration,
 Protected lives imperilled, like those at our location.

Loud roared the junior Mentor, to frenzy almost moved;
 And in the tones of Stentor—their conduct thus reproved:
 “Disturbers! we have caught you! Just give an explanation,
 “If this is what we’ve taught you, in City or location?”

“O, savages ferocious!” the elder sage exclaimed,
 “Your conduct is atrocious, and makes me quite ashamed!
 “’Twill surely bring distraction on every Christian nation,
 “To hear of this transaction at your Philistine location.”

Thus they proceeded plainly—to say their pious say;
 When some remarks ungainly, repelled them quite away.
 For with unruly vigour, to their unfeigned vexation,
 Outspoke a woolly nigger, at the Philistine location:—

"Pray God, through your connection—we may attain at last,
 "The state of meek perfection, in Paris and Belfast!
 "Ah! with such mild example, of strife we'll make cessation,
 "Nor on good counsel trample, at the Philistine location.
 "Too true, we're wild and silly, but not so precious vain,
 "As to match our poor Sandilli, with Bismarek or Bazaine.
 "We in probation linger—but can spurn the *Christian*
 nation,
 "That points with dirty finger, at our Philistine location.

XV.

STANZAS TO

THE HON. WILLIAM PORTER.

SENT WITH THE AUTHOR'S LIKENESS.

1.

I SAW thee once, and not in dreamy trance,
 As Homer his Achilles; or as now,
 A truer hero views with kindlier glance,
 An humbler muse, I saw, nor wondered how
 Discordant senates to one chief could bow.
 Eight springs have sped! and change there none appears—
 So Fame avers,—in thine exalted brow;
 Nor much in mine, which evermore it cheers
 To wish great Porter health, long life, and happy years.

2.

Yet, durst I breathe,—disclaiming vain pretence
 To ought as wisdom hailed beneath the sun;—
 One heartfelt utterance, and, without offence,
 Indulge the same—nor tongue, nor pen would shun

To give it words and say:—Enough is done
 By thee, Great heart! unfearing Time's appeal—
 In hardy strifes, and victories bravely won—
 A hero's claim to ratify and seal,
 Let younger heads and hands, so serve the Commonweal.

XVI.

PRIMATE GRAY'S SUCCESSOR.

Who's to be the chosen; who stands to-day,
 Successor worthy of Primate Gray?
 An African Cephass do we behold
 In preaching and doing and suffering bold?
 Shall a meek Matthias, as such, appear?
 Shall a proud Diotrophes domineer?
 Shall our choice be blest,—or the favourite prove
 A high Corinthian, nourished by Jove?

Shall the lots go forth, and a Caiaphas take,
 With Herod and Pilate a third to make—
 With priestly succession and line as true
 As those of Nadab and Abihu?
 Who, *ex officio*, can descry,
 That One, for the good of All must die,
 But cares no more! shall we choose him? Nay!
 He is no successor of Primate Gray.

Shall an Osnaberg flaunt? or a Wolsey reign?
 A monarch's parder, a mitre's stain!
 Shall we choose a Brummell to mutter prayers
 To carriage windows, and empty chairs?
 The slave of rules, that would clearly expel
 The chosen Twelve, and their lord as well!
 No! Simony's reign must pass away,
 We need a successor to Primate Gray.

Departed Saint! If our gratitude
 Ever failed to pronounce thee great and good,
 Whilst thou, long years, in a hostile land
 Like Milton's Abdiel, alone couldst stand;
 Ere the voice that proclaimed thy victory won,
 Had hailed thee: "Servant of God, well done!"
 Let Justice shout, and the nations say
 How blest is thy memory, Primate Gray!

Successor come! be concealed no more;
 We need thee as Milan her Ambrose of yore.
 Celt, Saxon, or African-born be thou—
 Thy claim, none the less, we shall gladly allow.
 Appear! bid our lonely desert smile—
 A second Nathaniel, in whom is no guile.
 Thy powers, in the cause of truth display,
 Successor, worth of Primate Gray.

XVII.

THE CASE OF MR. T. LEONARD.

SOME talk of Prussian victories, and Gallia's low condition;
 Cape Parliaments, Molteno's bill, and Eastern opposition.
 How Sirach Solomon, to sense, his claim has not relin-
 quished,—
 How Clough and Thompson fought like men, and Destin
 got *distinguished*.
 Enough of this; too much of that; some truth we must
 arrive at;
 Perchance too much of public life, has made us blind to
 private;
 How oft must humble merit pine, with no allay to suffering?
 And when the coffin-lid is nailed, we'll be ready with our
 offering.
 Our cash and sympathy alas! fall in directions lunar;
 Of course the thing would go "all right," had we but
 known it sooner.

O, ladies fair, and gents so kind : Tim Leonard still is living,
He who attention to your wants, so constant was in giving!
With health and income sore abridged; by countless ills
o'ertaken,—

By debts and duns austere pressed; by many a friend
forsaken.

His morning walks were known to all; and evening Rounds
diurnal;

But, by retrenchment, he has lost the “taking” of the
Journal.

With losses here and crosses there, it surely must unman him!
By one newspaper he has lost just twenty pounds per annum.

Where are you, wealth and opulence; with all your public
spirit?

Your influence and affluence; your knowledge of true merit?
That Tim, poor man! is very low, the plain unvarnished
fact is;

Now, Tongue-philanthropist, reduce your theories to practice.
Don't keep your kindness till he's dead; then be in haste
to show it;

And say, when Tim was poor and low, you really did not
know it.

A small subscription set on foot, would prove a rich enjoy-
ment!

And, better still!—perhaps you might just find him some
employment.

Ye aiders of the poor, the blind, the weak in purse and limb;
Ye, who'd do all for charity, do something now for Tim.

XVIII.

TEMPERANCE ALPHABETICAL
RHYME.

- A STANDS for Ale, which gives ailments enough;
B is for Brandy—more head-splitting stuff;
C is Champagne, that gives pain without sham,
D is for Drunkard, vile slave of a dram.
E is Excess, to which tipplers will go;
F is for Folly, forerunner of woe;
G is for Gutters, where drunkards we find,
H is for Hand-cuffs, such madmen to bind.
I is for Illness, produced by the bowl;
J is for Justice, all sots to control;
K is for Killing, a feat done by beer;
L is for Laudanum, to mix with the cheer.
M is for Money, by drinkers misspent;
N is for Newgate, where often they're sent;
O is for Oaf, who will squander his cash,
P is for Poison—rum, gin, and like trash!
Q is for Quarrel, which toping will breed;
R is for Rum,—precious rum stuff indeed!
S is for Smoke, that dear drink of the sot;
T is for Tick, on which often 'tis got;
U is for Ugliness, caused by curs't drink,
V is Vexation—if toppers would think.
W is for Water, best drink in the land;
X for “Double X,” Father Alcohol's brand.
Y is for Youth, who must shun such disgrace;
Z is for Zigzag, the drunkard's true pace.



SONGS.



I.

THE BOYS OF THE VAAL.

Tune—"Lord Eochinvar."

TRUE sons of the South—ever pledged to prevail,
For Freedom, and Friendship, and Commerce, all hail!
With fate and with fortune determined to cope—
We hail as a homestead, the Cape of Good Hope;
Like Gideon's three hundred, our host may be small,
But faithful and true are the Boys of the Vaal.

Our foes of the frontier are ambushed we know;
Not love has prevented their striking a blow;
The loud braggadocio we heard without fear;
And it chided our slumber, and made us draw near,—
We cowered not, but rose up, to stand or to fall—
While the foe showed his back to the Boys of the Vaal.

By our dear native land;—still the source of our pride!
And the memory of those, who to shield it have died;
We have sworn to Ascendancy's summit to go—
Should we tread every step, on the heels of a foe:
We have hearts, we have hands, we have powder and ball—
And noise shall not frighten the Boys of the Vaal.

By the wars and invasions of famed "Thirty-five,"
By the friends that are dead, and the foes yet alive;
Assailants, we vow, be they many or few,
Shall be taught the intrusion, at leisure to rue!
That pledge is recorded by one and by all—
We'll give them to know we're the Boys of the Vaal.

May our ranks not be wanting in good men and true,
 To toast, in hot bumpers, the Red, White, and Blue;
 Exhibit, by deed, and not promise alone,
 Our zeal to the Queen's royal person and throne;
 And march forth obsequious to each noble call,
 To add double fame to the Boys of the Vaal.

II.

THE
 DIAMOND DIGGERS' DITTY.

Tune: "The Bould Soger Boy."

YE SONS of diamond fame!
 Who, from blame,
 Guard the name—
 Forget not Britain's claim
 To our far Diamond Fields.
 Since Gallant Waterboer
 Gave them o'er—
 Nevermore
 To lay claim, or tax, or score
 On these far Diamond Fields.
 With courage never blighted—
 By none on earth affrighted—
 Each with the rest—united
 His spade or pickaxe wields.
 From day to day,
 We plod our way;
 As more or less
 Success may bless,

And sing, hip, hip, hurra, for our far Diamond Fields.

Like our fathers blue and green,
 We have been,—
 And are seen
 True subjects of the Queen
 At our far Diamond Fields.

We've come no state to spoil,
Or embroil
With turmoil—
But to live by honest toil

At the far Diamond Fields.
The foe who would frustrate us
May still, at distance, hate us;
But who shall separate us?

Our safety Union shields.

While peace is best,
You know the rest;
If war's the test—

For right we'll fight;

And sing, hip, hip, hurra, for our far Diamond Fields.

Then who shall take the land
From our hand?

Is it Brand?

Shall we bow to his command

Or the force that he wields?

And quit the Diamond Vaal,

At the call

Of a thrall?

We answer, "Not at all!"

At the far Diamond Fields.

Let hostile Rough or Dandy,

Inspired with pride or brandy,

Invade John, Pat, and Sandy,

Whose courage never yields;

Such foe we tell—

Who'd us expel,

May powder smell,

For pay—some day—

Then Heaven defend the right at the far Diamond Fields.

III.

THE POST-OFFICE ROBBERY
AT KING WILLIAMSTOWN.

KING WILLIAMSTOWN boasts of a comical spark,
Who calls himself Henry Darcy Lamarque;
Though talkative folks, not much given to flattery,
Declare that his right name is Theodore Gattery.

'Tis said that for conduct obscene or pernicious,
He found it convenient to shift from Mauritius—
As many an acquaintance in that busy isle,
Would far rather watch him a yard than a mile.

His trip to Kaffraria procured him two friends,
Dick Boetje was one, and the other Barendze;
Barendze was a barber, not always in clover—
For once he grew cheeky, which got him knocked over.

Barendze had a parlour, and one behind "that,"
Where two and an odd one could sit for a chat;
Discussing cheroots—or, as fancy might please,
Dark lanterns—and jumping—and skeleton keys.

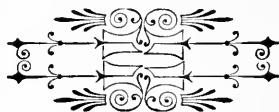
Lamarque and Barendze were no last year recruits,
Between them poor Boetje could hardly get boots;
For he never would learn, like a pupil of sense,
The practical rules of pounds, shillings, and pence.

Meantime, here in KING, the post-office was robbed;
Brass locks were jumped open, and sovereigns were fobbed;
But the thief, by a blunder which nothing defends,
Left behind him a stick, which was traced to Barendze.

Then Darcy, fine chap—like a turkey-cock swell—
Went puffing cigars far away to Natal;
Till Baas Alexander soon conquered him there,
And sent him to breathe sweet King Williamstown air.

The sentence, full soon in the dock made them roar,
The barber got three years, and Darcy got four;
Such tidings put Boetje right into a trance!
But now he's all right, for they gave him "a chance."

Young rambles—whose spirits and prospects are bright—
Remember young Boetje, and do what is right;
And you may take warning—whose conduct is dark—
By the barber and Henry Darcy Lamarque.



ELEGIAC POEMS.

THE
IMPERIAL COLLAPSE (1870).

I.

NAPOLEON the Third ! fatal Destiny's child,
Of Europe the problem and wonder ;
From Glory's fair pathway to Ruin beguiled,
By sinister councils brought under.

Now taking the flood—in the tide of affairs
Now tost on the wave of affliction—
Thy life,—of all lives,—has been crowded with cares,
And truth that was stranger than fiction.

Asylumed by *foes*, and but saved from thy *friends*,
To ponder thy war Declaration ;
What magic of genius can now make amends
For carnage and wide devastation ?

Sly Jacobin guile,—does it urge, as before,
Our kings to a sanguine “idea ?”
Or Muscovite friendship,—to seek, in their gore,
Fit balm for a vanquished Crimea ?

Gaul's arbiter once,—'twas thy privilege great,
To cast out the demon that rent her ;
Her Present and Future, if not to create,
To sway with the voice of a MENTOR.

To raise drooping Science to honour and fame,
With success unexampled in story ;
O, this were a triumph, more worthy thy name,
Than war and its phantom of "glory."

Hadst thou with true Glory but rested content,
And the zeal of adherents devoted
In peace, by the sword of the Suevi, unrent,
Still, *still* had thy tri-colour floated.

What Glory allured thee, to prove, in thy pride,
Unreal and fleeting as Iris ? *
That high "god of battles" on whom you relied,
Was it Mars ? Was it Memphian Osiris ? †

Alas for the Power that seduced thee in wrath,
To war's unpropitious arena—
Unmindful that Nemesis ¶ frowned on thy path,
From the watch-towers of Lodi and Jena !

Forgetful of Austerlitz !—Nay, 'tis not true
That word you could cease to remember ;
Or that thy own Paris contained not a few,
Averse to the "man of December !"

One Cromwell had England !—E'en now, in her eyes,
No son his successor is reckoned ;
And but one Napoleon can France recognise,—
She owns not a third,—nor a second.

Hence lies your bright sword at the conquerer's feet,
Reminding all sceptics beside us—
Every Turnus is sure his Æneas to meet ;
Every Venus in arms, her Tydides.

* The Rainbow. † Bacchus. ¶ Goddess of Vengeance.

II.

ON THE ANNOUNCED
DEATH OF MARSHAL MACMAHON
(1870).

WHAT tidings from Europe,—sad camp of the brave,
And autocrats warring in madness,—
Appal every heart, as a wail from the grave,
Eclipsing all echoes of sadness?

Macmahon is dead! To enquire is not meet
If his warfare in victory ended:
That victory were sorer than fellest defeat,
By the loss of such hero attended.

Nor seek we, with prying minuteness, to know
His stature in court elevation;
Degrees and distinctions he well might forego,
Who stood first in the love of a nation.

Bewail him, Hibernia! his forefathers' land,—
Whose memory it joyed him to cherish;
Lament for him, France, where he held high command,
'Mid honours that never can perish.

No Danton was he, to discover in woe,
That Reason espoused not his quarrels;
No gloomy Condorcet, no fierce Mirabeau,
Distaining with treason his laurels.

His country, brave soldier! with patriot love,
In the Maelstrom of anarchy, serving—
Right onward and ever, his footsteps did move,
With duty, undaunted, unswerving.

Republic or kingdom, that country the same
Still owes him the love of a mother;
What Briton, that venerates Falkland's dear name,
And feels not, in Hampden, a brother?

So loved, so lamented, so trusted, he died,—
Great marshal! by fortune deserted,
Who long had continued, of Europe the pride,
Could valour the doom have averted.

The Genius of chivalry weeps for the fall
Of Gallia's puissant protector;
As Paris, disconsolate, sighs from her wall,
And fares as a Troy without Hector.

Long, long be his name, as an heirloom, adored—
His end, by the nations, lamented;
And chiefs yet unborn, draw renown from his sword,
By Erin's fair daughters presented!

In peace, at his tomb, let posterity meet,—
Instructed by Teuton and Roman,
That a heart more heroic and true, never beat
In the bosom of comrade or foeman.

Of the amaranth garland, that blooms o'er his head,
'Tis not in the grave to deprive him!
Like a soldier he warred, like a martyr he bled,
For an Empire that will not survive him.

III.

THE FALL OF PARIS (1871).

Six moons, unmindful of the world's unrest,
In all the horrors carnage could reveal!
Have to a crisis brought the strife unblest;
Proud Paris falls; and on her stricken breast
Another Cæsar plants his iron heel.

Great source of vanquishers! a mighty line,
From Brennus down to Pharamond; the soil
Of Him—true potentate! whose sword divine
Expelled the invaders of the holy shrine;
Hast thou, at last, become the foeman's spoil?

Thou! who did'st seem to arbitrate on High,—
Thy so-called "glory" promising "the brave"—
That camps might throng, and millions press to die—
Blood flow, and Europe hesitate to try
Canute's experiment on such a wave.

O mockery of terms! O, idle rant
Of power and glory! they who take the sword
"Shall perish with it,"—while a fame they vaunt,
Of culture, tardy as the century plant,
To perish in a night, like Jonah's gourd.

So perished many a prototype of Paris,
Ere Tarquin's crime to Clusium brought the Gaul,—
Or Persian legions did the city harass,
Whose drunken satraps would in vain embarrass
Their brains, to solve the writing on the wall.

So fared Persepolis and Lysinoe—
Of fossil memory—as other times
Shall class the towers where Seine and Danube flow;
Bequeathing some Munchausen or Defoe
The record of their sanctimonious crimes.

Ours is to-day! Drums roll and cannons rattle;
Ambition rages; why should discord cease?
Or Molech gloat on hetacombs of cattle—
Since, to our new appliances in battle,
Thy club, Alcides were a wand of Peace?

Perchance 'tis fitting that a Power who traded
In fallen dynasties, herself should fall;
The fierce invaders be themselves invaded—
And the inspiring Teuton prove, unaided,
In turn, a match for ostentatious Gaul.

Vain speculation! who shall trace the line
'Twixt vice and virtue, when the sword is bared?
Meek tool from tyrant, ill can men divine,
Else, north and south of the ensanguined Rhine,
Some Geslers might conveniently be spared.

Look to it, Albion! Though your island home—
 Secure, long ages, in her stalwart sons—
 In wealth and prowess vies with ancient Rome,
 Urge not the parallel, through times to come!
 Are there no Goths, no Attilas, no Huns?

Deem not too fondly, that the Czarrish quill—
 Inspired by Narva, Pultowa, and Sweden,
 Evokes a phantom you can lay or kill
 By diplomacy!—Peter left a WILL,
 Which promises to earth no second Eden.

Soon, soon may Truth her tuneful warnings sing,
 Nor dread to realise Cassandra's fate;
 And Peace, endeared to subject and to king,
 See Scorpion Discord,—with her own death-sting,
 The period fix of Wars permitted date.

IV.

ON THE DEATH OF EDWIN
 ATHERSTONE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE FALL OF NINEVEH."

*Sunt, quibus unum opus est intactæ Palladis arces "Carminibus
 perpetuo celebrare."*—HORACE.

LAMENT every voice in the Orphean choir!
 The chief you delighted to honour is sped:
 O, grief most intense to the Muse and the Lyre,
 Whose mightiest, tunefullest, dearest is dead!

He sinks in ripe age—as succumbs the vast oak
 Beneath its rich freight, to the northern blast;
 The Poet-magician, whose spell could evoke
 An army—an empire—a world from the Past.

Great Bard! to a niche in the Temple of Fame,
Thy school-day effusions had lifted thee high;
Even hadst thou not lived to establish a name
Which, like thy own Nineveh, never can die.

Thy place 'mong the great ones of earth is secured,
With justness the nations will ne'er disallow;
High Priest of a shrine, where no votary's allured
By Bigotry's trade-mark or Time-serving bow.

And thou wert a prophet!—perchance ere thy time,
Of Utterings that tribes oft shall ponder again;
'Tis not to be feared—with thy message sublime,
Our Israel in Egypt shall always remain.

Instructed so well, by thy zeal from above,
In raptures have teachable spirits survived
Ideas of God, and His truth, and His love,
From Sibyls, and Florentine "Circles" derived.

Which most do we pause to admire in thy page—
Thy genius transcendant, or marvellous lore?
Thy soul's optic glass, keeping pace with the age,
Has truly outdistanced the masters of yore.

"Three Poets in three distant ages," had sung,
Nor knew we a fourth, mighty Poet, till thee!
Thee, Atherstone justly, whose musical tongue
Owned not a superior among "the first three."

Who else is the claimant? or turn we in vain
To later Italia, immortal in song?
To Pulci, or Petrarch, or Tasso, the strain
Of thy magic order could never belong.

Not bard of Hyperion—or Islam's revolt,
Nor him who was Bondman, that Greece might be free,
Nor Laker, nor Laureate aspired to exalt
Calliope's name in our annals with thee.

A day may be looming for slave-marts and thrones,
When these shall be sacred, and those freely stand;
And nations unite, and their Babel of tones
Be merged in one language—on sea and on land.

But never, O, never!—come carnage or peace—
Millennium or chaos to Gentile or Jew;
Shall you, wondrous Poet of NINEVEH cease
To find, with our Miltons, “fit audience though few.”

V.

ON A CHILD.

'Tis past; baby rapt one! the conflict was brief;
No more earthly arms can enfold thee!
Yet seems it a miracle—hard of belief,
To think we no longer behold thee.

So lovely thou wert! so endearing to all;
This stroke, like a sentence death-dooming.
On many a heart of affection must fall—
Their joys, with thy body, entombing.

Thy space who shall fill to our languishing sight,
School, play-ground, and homestead adorning?
Alas! 'tis a void, lovely vision of light—
Thy sun is gone down in the morning.

Gone down! and thy baby companions in woe,
The tale of thy absence may whisper;
That soft cherub-voice, that enchanted them so,
Is mute as the grave, pretty lisper!

Not so the blest voice, which true condolence gives;
O, parents and relatives weeping;
And bids you rejoice! Inez Eleanor lives;
Not dead is your loved one, but sleeping.

Then drown not, with wailings, her premature knell—
Nor tax her with sins unforgiven;
Nor ask,—“Is it well with the child?—it is well!
For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

VI.

ALICIA.

WHERE in climes far oriental—
Silver Jumna rolls his tide,
Racked, long days, by tortures mental,
She, the young, the loved, the gentle,
Fair Alicia pined and died.

There, grim death, his fell commission
Proved to her, the lovely one,
Who—unknown to vain ambition,
Least had dreaded competition
With the daughters of the sun!

Friends, relations, parents tender!
Unprepared for such a doom;
At His call, who first did lend her,
Who shall teach us to surrender
This, our loved one, to the tomb?

Lone survivors, while you languish
For the life no care could save;
Other tears than those of anguish—
Hopeless, atheistic anguish;
Should bedew her early grave.

Taught, in life's existence dreary,
To endure Affliction's smart—
Like our friend, of life a-weary,
Learn to act like her and Mary,
Learn to choose "the better part."

Vainly seek not to recover,
Bosoms, smiles, and hearts so riven;
Kind relation,—tender lover!
Learn to look, when life is over,
To a lasting home in Heaven.

VII.

LAVINIA.

(SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. W. PARSONS.)

Mourner! whence the dark procession,
Where mute gazers hold their breath—
Where pale grief, in dumb expression,
Journeys side by side with Death?

Why so many anguish-hearted
Throng the pathway marked with tears?
Has the absent one departed
In fair youth or riper years?

Vain the tidings long to smother;
Vain obstruct the tide of woe!
For the Christian wife and mother
Gone for ever! tears will flow.

Not the morning bud unshaded,
Emblems forth her mortal close;
From our eyes LAVINIA faded,
In its prime as fades the rose.

Young, erewhile, in every beauty,
Juvenile worldlings so extol;
Early she, the path of duty,
Trod at Virtue's honoured call.

Glad she chose the lifelong mission,
All its joys and griefs to share;
All, to her, of earth's ambition,
Lay at home—and only there.

Gentle, of all meek the meekest;
Thoughtful!—kind to old and young;
Slander of the frailest, weakest,
Found no herald in her tongue.

To the child of sorrow, tender;
 Patient to the sufferers' moan;
 Prings of other hearts could rend her,
 While forgetful of her own.

Doing,—hoping,—praying,—suffering,
 Past Affection's power to tell;
 She departs,—accepted offering!
 To the Christ she loved so well.

Even as to some floral bower,
 Skilful hands a plant remove;
 Blooms she now, transplanted flower,
 In the Paradise above.

Constant spouse! indulgent mother!
 Blest is thy release from woe!
 He who wept for Martha's brother,
 Cares for those you leave below.

So, till purged of earthly leaven,
 May their faith still upwards soar;
 Listening to thy voice from Heaven:—
 Husband, children, grieve no more.

VIII.

ELEGY:

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH
OF MR. A. O. WOOD.

14TH NOVEMBER, 1877. IN HIS 24TH YEAR.

ABSENT Son! whose lovely future
 To depict, fond hopes have dared;
 Early a successful suitor
 To the bliss by angels shared.

ALBERT OLIVER! the tidings
Of thy tearful end, at worst
We interpret not as chidings
From the voice that gave thee first.

Thou'st resigned an earthly burden
In the Lord's appointed place;
Far beyond the Transvaal Jordan,
Far from many a loved embrace.

From their eyes, who, as a flower,
Saw thee rise to manhood tall;
From sweet childhood's rosy hour,
Till thy period of recall.

Kindest father; best of mothers!
Weep not Heaven's appointed will;
Tender sisters, loving brothers,
Seven of each surviving still.

Yes, with Providence unfailing,
Heaven was bountiful to thee;
Which, at last forbids our wailing,
We resign thee, full and free.

Thou wert ever kind and gentle—
As by old and young avowed;
With external gifts and mental,
Ever largely wert endowed.

Be thy very grave a token
Of God's favour from on High;
Thy sweet soul's a sentence spoken
By His voice who cannot lie.

All, dear boy, that in thy being,
Felt, or saw, or loved, or knew—
Feels, and knows, still loving, seeing
Endless friendships still in view.

Not a shadowy ideal
 Of thy presence, hope we then,
 But as literal and real
 As conceived of living men.

Nor shall hope thy face deny us,
 Fairer, purer, but the same;
 Even as Moses and Elias
 To the mount in bodies came.

Ye who hope, in deathless glory
 With our loved one to appear;
 With such vista now before you,
 What remains to weep for here?

IX.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF THE

LATE THOMAS LANGFORD, ESQ.

ADDRESSED TO HIS LADY.—1872.

Weeping fair—lament no longer,—
 Lighter feel Affliction's rod;
 Doubting not a union stronger
 With thy spouse, at rest with God.

Thine be every benediction,—
 Young in years, in suffering old;
 Tried by Heaven—with keen affliction,
 As the finer tries his gold.

Ah! no human calculation,
 Nicely set to terms of Art,
 Could define that separation
 From the partner of thy heart.

True, 'tis feared, his like remains not
In our circle here below;
For the world itself contains not
One who ever called him foe.

True the world perforce esteemed him,
As possessing gifts divine;
But the love that once redeemed him,
Only greater was than thine.

Oft the pangs of bosoms parted
Are but easy to sustain:
Hope may cheer the broken-hearted
Who expect to meet again.

Sadder far and more dejected
His last hour, who gave his breath,
At a call too unexpected,
Though not unprepared for death.

Still, fair weeper (comfort scorning
Times and seasons), now give o'er,
Shall the storms of that sad morning
Lower and scowl for evermore?

When the clouds in rain descended,
Spreading grief and stormy fears,—
Soon in purest space they blended,
Reproduce them not in tears.

Him you loved!—could ought befall him
To his Saviour dear unknown?
Thou—if tears could but recall him—
Wert not widowed and alone.

With what zeal, intense and fervent,
Has he closed his bright career!
“Well done, good and faithful servant”—
Thou, like him, hast yet to hear.

“Like him!”—*with* him : loved so hallowed
Can at last be only one!
Where Immanuel, whom he followed;
“To prepare a place” is gone.

X.

PHILIP THE JUST.

WRITTEN ON THE DEPARTURE FROM THE CAPE OF
OF GOVERNOR W., IN 1870.

SOUTH AFRICAN hearts! Your comfort departs;
No time, in her annals august,
The Cape of Good Hope, for grief had such scope,
As now, for great Philip the Just.

Green youth, and old age; in mourning engage;
Slim dandy, and storeman robust,—
He has gone from our shore, to return nevermore,
Has immaculate Philip the Just.

Perchance his pure mind, with doings unkind,
Had lately conceived a disgust;
Be this as it may, he's now far away,
Long peace be with Philip the Just.

Of Autocrat lore, he had a great store—
And never allowed it to rust;
While limbs of the law would *think*, hum and haw,
Pass sentence would Philip the Just.

By some, how absurd, 'tis said that his word
Was such as no mortal could trust!
But that very thing has been said of a king
As moral as Philip the Just.

We freely admit, deep science and wit,
Exclude from his talents we must;
As learning renowned, not often has found
A patron in Philip the Just.

We're likewise afraid, not much can be said,
Of faculties best undiscussed;
That mercy and grace, could find little place,
In the bosom of Philip the Just.

Still give him his due! The Cape had but few,
With duty less posed or nonplussed;
At least 'twas his fun, to mind number one;
Do justice to Philip the Just.

Most mortals agree, no blockhead is he
Who butters both sides of his crust;
Which praise we defy, all hands to deny,
Immaculate Philip the Just.

He ruled at a time,—ere this torrid clime,
For diamonds evinced such a lust;
Yet did not forget a fortune to net;—
So prudent was Philip the Just.

'Tis strange that this land can nowhere demand
The marble to make him a bust;
That all who go by—in rapture may cry—
There! twig Mr. Philip the Just.

Every Sect, every tribe, would be sure to subscribe
If some one cried "Down with the dust;"
And a monument raise, to the glory and praise,
Of immaculate Philip the Just.

~~~~~  
END OF SECOND SERIES.  
~~~~~

LAYS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Third Series.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I.

VOLUNTEERING.

A SOUTH AFRICAN PASTORAL.

NIXDORFF AND WELLS.

NIXDORFF.

You've seen our city scarce a dozen days,
Which well explains your scanty meed of praise,
Such is the way you tourists come and go,
Ere half our streets you can pretend to know.

WELLS.

I've seen at least your "Volunteer Hotel"—
A hieroglyphic 'tis not mine to spell;
Facts please me better; say, when war appears,
By day or night, where are the volunteers
Which your imagination painted so
To one great general, some months ago?

NIXDORFF.

Why, truth is best; the scheme has fallen through,
 With some few others that we had in view;
 The town was then to have been lit with gas,
 And yet the project never came to pass.

WELLS.

Even now the gas is not forthcoming! Why?
 'Twas spent in speechifying. Do I lie?
 Words are not deeds. O, what can you oppose,
 Should war break out, to well-armed sable foes
 Who walk your midst?

NIXDORFF.

Allow me, sir, to tell,
 Our Kafirs know their interests too well
 To spurn the privilege of British rule;
 Though trained in Kreli's or Sandilli's school
 Loving our laws, no more they deem them hard,
 Their very selfishness becomes our guard.

WELLS.

Death and destruction! has it come to this?
 I thought as much—and did not think amiss.
 Concession abject! is it thus we bribe
 The kind forbearance of a nigger tribe?
 To such forbearance must we meanly owe
 Life, home, and every comfort here below?
 Base enuch-thralldom! hide from mental view,
 Ye memories of Scinde and Waterloo,
 And hundreds more, till we forget to claim
 A European history or name.

NIXDORFF.

Nay, I must differ!—should the Kafirs rise,
 The foul revolt might take us by surprise;
 But there are weapons in our quiet town,
 Aye, nerve and muscle fit to put them down.

WELLS.

Ah, let not him who girds on harness scoff,
 Or boast himself, as he who puts it off!
 Count not too much on whites, who ne'er enjoyed
 Your patronage, while niggers were employed,
 Old soldiers some, who sleep in streets and starve,
 While sable fingers beef and mutton carve,
 Break stores, pick pockets, anything you chosse,
 But honest work, which they, of course, refuse!
 O, farce of justice!—mockery of law—
 If by such rubbish, we are kept in awe!
 Can you remember, nay, can you forget
 The day the Kafirs and the Fingoes met,
 In rabble crowds, but native war array,
 To honour British rule, and Christmas day?
 What special constables—what horse Police
 Were placed in wait—God wot! to keep the peace.
 In other words—(humiliating job!)
 To dance attendance on a fulsome mob,
 Who, having fought with tongues the livelong day,
 Big with importance, prowled at night away.
 A bitter cure for their egregious folly,
 Would be—to let them fight, then chase them with a
 volley.

NIXDORFF.

True, I admit! but with our sable foes
 What course of action would yourself propose?
 'Tis plain, or sage experience beguiles,
 Some dark design may underlie their smiles,
 Some score unpaid; some bloody reckoning due,
 Since Eighteen Thirty-five—or Fifty-two.

WELLS.

Appoint drill days, you masters who employ,
 For every white dependent, man or boy.
 Give prizes for best shots; when you promote
 Let it be done by merit—not by rote.

Pay workmen for their time—but *sans* detail,
No other course with natives will prevail—
Trace history back, not quite to days of yore,
Nor farther yet than Lucknow or Cawnpore.

II.

WHO'S WHO, IN GRAHAMSTOWN.

(A SKETCH AFTER "HIAWATHA.")

SHOULD you ask me, gentle tourist—
Or, more distant gentle reader—
What and where is lovely Grahamstown,
City of the saints and settlers:
Should you further make enquiry
Of its size and population,
Site, construction, and resources:

I should answer, I should tell you,
'Tis a city named—and proudly!
From a mighty man of valour,
Brave, unselfish, and descended
From the illustrious Grahams of Fintra.
'Tis the city, far most English
That South Africa has boasted;
Far the healthiest and fairest,
Most renowned in song and story.
Fitted rarely by position,
Wealth, advantages, importance,
For the seat of Legislature;
Population—still increasing—
At the present twice six thousand,
Half of whom are Europeans,
Or the sons of British Settlers.

Worthy tourist! distant reader!
Should you ask of the remainder,
I should answer, I should tell you
Of the rabble heterogeneous—
Some are Kafirs, some Tambookies,
Fingoes, Totties, Zulus, Gonas,
Mozambiques, Korannas, Bushmen,
Whose description, from Othello,
Would have scared Brabantio's daughter,
Half the Senators of Venice,
Or the Ottomite invader!

Should you ask me of their standing
In the Colony as subjects
To the best of living monarchs,
Callings, industry, and merit:
I should answer, I should tell you
That our sable fellow-subjects—
Blazoned forth, in law, our equals—
Best can give the information,
Best explain their social standing,
Best unfold their black intentions
To their kind emancipators,
To the best of living monarchs.

Here they glide in pairs and trios!
There they lounge and lie in dozens,
From the gate-beleagured Drostdy
To the much too close Location,
Scenting every door and gangway,
Tainting every street and corner
With an odoriferous perfume,
Worthy of the sty or tanyard;
Watching what poor European,
With more cash than brains to mind it,
To their wiles may fall a victim!

Sometimes, truly, for a wonder,
Some of them will work for payment,
Taking care to give more trouble
Than would weigh against their labour.

On the whole—I've proved too sadly—
Theft and fraud their general talent,
Industry the rare exception.

European! young or hoary—
Think upon your early training;
When in church, or kirk, or chapel,
Oft you heard, with Christlike pity,
Hazy eyelids, heaving bosom,
Yarns about the "*happy* negro,"
Stories of some "pious negro"—
Tales about the "grateful negro"—
Wonders of the "industrious negro!"
How like slaves the darlings laboured—
How like saints the darlings worshipped—
How like warriors they were suffering!
This you heard, good European—
Till you ran (how wise!) and parted
With your shirt or birthday present!

True, I've seen the nigger *happy*,
In his Bacchanalian orgies—
Happy with the fumes of brandy—
Happy in his hopes of plunder;
But his gratitude—or honour—
Industry or godly bearing,
I, in sadness, must abandon
To some luckier discoverer,—
Who perchance may see more reason
Than myself for giving credit
To the tale that from fair Adam
And his fairer God-given consort
Such Yahoos could have descended.

III.

IASANDALA!

*“The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late.”*—SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT craven warrior shuns the purple heath,
Where England's brave, at Isandala's vale,
Together fell, divided not in death,
Save from survivors who their end bewail.

Thee, Isandala! shall our vows exclude
From dews and rains, thou heroes, last abode!
Nay! be their dust with tears of heaven bedewed;
Not Cadmus' hand a richer harvest sowed.

“Who slew all these?” Unwarlike is your boast,
Molech, or Juggernaut, or Ketchaway—
That sick and maimed, should to an ambushed host,
Or tens to thousands fall a gory prey.

Nor shine your glory (or your assegais,
For they are one) much brighter in the gale,
Which tells of murdered and dismembered boys,
Well might the sun his face in darkness veil.

Grim Zulu monarch! England's quondam friend
(That mask is rent!) be truthful as a foe;
Say Isandala is what you intend,
A first instalment of the debt you owe.

Your illustration of a heart imbued
With gratefulness to Britain's cause and Queen!
But Zulu truth, and Zulu gratitude,
And Zulu faith—synonymous have been.

Slow fell our brave—by tenfold odds borne down.
A volley thunders! heroes, 'tis your last!
Hark, what a volley! Zulu King, your crown
Is knelled—the reign of Kafirdom is past!

Our slain, ungilded by the sun success,
 Stand out apparent to the nation's ken;
 Like stars in an Eclipse! our memories bless
 Deeds reminiscent of the best of men.

Triumphant soon may Nemesis be seen,
 And Isandala fresh battalions see,
 In serried order for our Empress-Queen;
 Then be the watchword—Frere and Victory!

IV.

HORATIO AND EMMELINE.

A TALE OF THE FRONT.

HORATIO tended flowers, with which he mingled
 The bliss of Poesy—it was his hobby—
 In amorous notes, as sweet as ever jingled,
 By Bobby Burns, or the Grahamstown Bobby,
 Our Bruce or Pringle in their woodland modes,
 Or Moore with coronal of green,
 Or his old namesake, famed for Latin odes,
 So thought at least fair Emmeline—
 A critic of sixteen—
 Unversed, perhaps, in literary codes,
 But bright as May-day Queen,
 Whom he not unsuccessfully did woo,
 The only love he cared to know, or knew.
 In love he had a rival—high Lorenzo,
 Detraction's self personified;
 Whose wounded pride
 Had, on a late refusal,
 Employed his pen so,
 In libels for Horatio's perusal,
 That he believed,
 And was deceived;
 Ah, youthful hopes, how blighted *in extenso*!

And how the gay and lewd,
Indulged in speeches rude!
And how the gossipings of young and old
In many a whisper said:—" 'Tis just as we foretold.

They parted ghastfully! Horatio cried:
"I pity and forgive you." She replied:
"No pity nor forgiveness waste on me—
I both despise!
Forgiveness guilt implies—
And pity! better far had been your hate—
Live happy till you see,
Perchance too late,
How far such honours I appreciate."
And so they parted—she to pine alone,
As—on a border—some uprooted lily;
And he, for all shortcomings to atone
By pitching into Kreli and Sandilli—
Sandilli, who was ball and terror-proof,
Till Chalmers drove him from the Waterkloof
With most unusual speed,
In Amatola's Bush to chew or burn his weed.

Up to the Springs Horatio "came, and saw,
And conquered" too—for jealousy was gone!
Oh, injured Emmeline! could he withdraw
From memory's torture, war alone
Could little daunt him, but the past
Was past recall—to weep his last
Would not for it atone!
For now Horatio makes a grand discovery
'Tis he must ask the fair one to forgive—
As he without her cannot live,
Him Cupid's dart had wounded past recovery;
Though on camp fare he wondrously had thrived,
And other darts, and other wounds survived.

A wider field has false Lorenzo now—
Hopes brighten and increase—
Such lucky chance to slip, who could allow?

Not he! nor do his efforts cease.
Adversity with him has heightened pleasure,
As sickness sweetens health, or war sweet peace,
Or labour ease, or penury a treasure;
And so he came to Emmeline and raved
Of eyes and sighs—hearts, darts, and suicide—
And powers above, and powers below, he craved
To test his truthfulness before he died.
“In vain,” he cried, “no miracle, no tongue,
To save my life, and I so devilish young.”

He blundered sadly! Certainly no power
Invoked by him, obeyed the frantic call;
But one power, not invoked by him at all—
Appeared in evil hour.

A power in secret he had feared,—
A wife!—he shrieked and disappeared.
A wife!—her wrongs who could express?
What heart conceive? what law redress?
O woman kind! How oft forlorn,
Ere thy birth-wail is heard?
Unwelcome to the world, when born
On winter night, or summer morn,
A male would be preferred.

Sister! thy living death to paint,
From the sad cradle to the bier,
In pity we essay not here,
But is thy Lord a saint?
Is he of God's immaculate elect—
That in a wife he must expect
An Angel? (Angels, too, have erred!)
Is his pure life without a taint?
Or must his frailties triumph with impunity,
And thou for thine be lost without immunity?
No crime was Emmeline's, nor would she stoop
To even Horatio's kindness as a favour
When he returned with Minto's gallant troop,
Not Minto's self nor Griffith had been braver;
But when he told her of his long remorse—

And how in soul he disbelieved
 The falsehoods now exposed,—
 Again, impelled by love's relentless force
 Her heart disclosed
 Revelments his with ecstasy received.
 Nor his its secret hides,
 No fate their bliss derides,
 And now the twain are one, and thus his will she guides:

"Just say, my Emmeline, where shall we fly
 On wings of love to spend our honeymoon?
 From care and sorrow whither farthest hie?"
 "The question, dearest, shall be answered soon;
 Let home be home, your voice and footstep nigh,
 Play on my heartstrings, love's sublimest tune!"
 She breathes! 'tis ratified, and Cynthia bright
 Spread pearls and diamonds on the landscape drear,
 When rapt Horatio, where he first saw light,
 Pressed the kind bosom of his dear—
 O brief, O lengthy night!
 Now Signal Hill stands out in vista clear;
 And pinks and geokums bloom—
 And many a Kafir boom—
 And Kowie flambeaux glare, through miles and miles of
 gloom,
 And wedded lovers live the blissful hours
 In mutual joy, among the fruits and flowers

V.

THE PILGRIM INSOLVENT.

A CITIZEN of conscience light,
 At sales and auctions an adept,
 From Grahamstown city once took flight,
 As whites and blacks serenely slept.

But blacks and whites awaking wept—
And wool and hair in anguish tore!

For he, the absent one, had kept
Their cash as ne'er 'twas kept before.

Years pass, when hark! “the Postman’s Knock,”

Our hero from the “Pilgrim’s Rest,”
Proclaims himself of gentle stock,

Of chattels, claims, and gold possessed.
That every creditor’s a pest,
With whom kept faith is most unwise!
That debts and duns from East to West,
He must, and can, and dares despise.

But does he mean it?—Ask no more!

Our *friend*, beyond what he reveals,
Is all a secret—all a sore—

To all who’d probe what he conceals!
He’s turned a holy man, and feels
Disgusted with our sinful earth;
And to a fraudulent life appeals
For proof of innocence and worth.

O, Pilgrim! while black art prevails,
And Justice bandaged lets you free;
Just pardon one whose vision fails
Your worth or innocence to see.

A sneaking highwayman you be;
Who, void of courage or remorse,
Achieve by craven strategy
What manlier villains did by force.

VI.

O D E :

ON SEEING A MANUSCRIPT
LETTER OF ROBERT BURNS

LANG, near-behaddin, fortune dear!
Houtfie!—what hae we hookit here?
A deed to mailens gowd and gear?

Nae, somegate better,—
(Bear witness, ilka smile an tear!)
In Rabby's letter.

'Tis sae! the walie-nieve, I ween
That wrote "Scotch Drink," an' "Halloween,"—
"The Brigs o' Ayr," an' "Bonnie Jean,"
An' "Socts wha hae"—

O, Burns! thy Daphnean sprig fu' green
Shall bloom for aye.

Of bardies a', wha've stown the spell,
Frae forky mount, or haly well,
Gin fancy spiers, till gar us tell
The sweetest singer
Atween Bill Shakspeare and yoursel',
Lang doubt sud linger.

Wi siccan Twa let genius gang
Through maze an wild o' bonnie song,
Yet in thy prose, clear, furthly strang,
Boon a' their blethrin
Thou strid'st, like Gulliver, amang
Wee nauchle brethren.

Whyles complimentin Coila's plains,
Whyles roosin folks at Moreham Mains,
Whyles idolising wife and weans,
Or neebur wordy,
Whyles wastrife o' undying strains
To Enbrugh Geordie.

'Twa upcasts, whatreck gied thee pain!
Thy correspondents, in the main,
Could, in a sphere aboon thy ain;
 Play dole or devel;
Whilk aiblins pat thee till the *strain*
 To speel their level.

'Twere patent—on the 'tither han'—
Were Lon'on mint at thy commaun,
A Southern dialect to scan—
 Maun prove a fetter!
The cosy crack o' mither lan'
 Had sair't the better.

Untenty chiel; thou wert divine;
Let na caikfumler ape thy line;
Or gomeril fyke, wi' thee to shine,
 Rampagious vauntie!
Though he sudd mag Potosi's mine
 In his pockmanty

Auld Scotia's guid an ill conditions—
Her clannish feuds and coalitions—
Her politics and politicians,
 Thou'st illustrated;
Her vera taivert superstitions
 Thou'st brawlie treated.

Peace, deathless Rab, be ever thine—
Whilst gash contemporaries shine
Immortal—in thy magic line—
 As thy cawf-kintra!
Whaur proudest stands his honoured shrine
 The Graham o' Fintra.

VII.

ELEGY:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
HUGH LYNAR, ESQ.

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE AT CAPETOWN, 23RD JULY, 1873.

*“Mors sola fatetur,
“Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.”*

MUSE of the lyre attuned to notes of woe,
Ere classic Hellas wooed Melpomenë;
Or Judah's prophet wept o'er Megiddo,
Or Jesse's son, dead Jonathan, for thee!

Mysterious Presence! to our hearts descend,
Unawed, unbosomed, e'en where Death appears;
Impart, at least, for one departed friend,
The kind relief—the tenderness of tears.

For LYNAR mourn; nor all in courtly tone—
Great monarchs die, and Fame the story tells,
In praise set, stereotyped, to Grief unknown,
Or wailments drowned by Coronation bells.

But *he* whose end our sorrowing midst bereaves
Of Friendship's self, ne'er courted earthly fame;
Unmatched in life, he no successor leaves,—
Peerless in death, undying be his name.

Unostentatious, unobtrusive friend—
Priceless, unpurchasable, changeless, true;
“Lovely and pleasant” ever to the end,
Have we indeed received thy last ADIEU?

High names bewail thee, with the titled *Great*,
Thyself, in life, unsedulous to shine;
Adapted nathless to have served the State
In court or senate—had the choice been thine.

To cheer the friendless on his earthbound way,
To raise the sinking pilgrim else undone;
Here, good Samaritan, the calling lay,
The choice allotted thou didst never shun.

A ghastly void has thy departure made,—
A want, a loss, we cease not to bemoan;
Thou, gentle heart, by envy never swayed,
Of every merit conscious but thy own!

No ireful star—no comet in its course,
Portending wrath for thee we imprecate;
As hopeless souls that acquiesce perforce,
With rigid Destiny, and changeless Fate.

'Tis not as though thou did'st from hence depart
FOR EVER, lost to all who hold thee dear;
Death's local sway, extends not where thou art,
Thou, LYNAR, thou! yea, visibly as here.

The blissful hours—so many, yet so few,
Passed here in converse with ONE DEAREST FRIEND,
Bear, in their number, no proportion to
The cycles you've in brighter worlds to spend.

Even now, while Spring distends her kindly art,
To weave a garland for thy hallowed grave;
Securely triumphs thine immortal part,
Through ONE who reigns "Omnipotent to save."

And loved survivors, who have known thy worth,
Shall in thy absence, realise more and more;
A kind divorcement from the cares of earth,
Till cited hence, where thou art gone before.

VIII.

ELEGY:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
MRS. W. B. CHALMERS,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON THE 5TH JUNE, 1879.

FAIR sufferer! rest from trying years,
Thy end is Peace;
By fondest friends proclaimed, in burning tears,
"A blest release."
Well hast thou trod the narrow way
To such a home, in sempiternal day,
An earth could never give, nor Death could take away.
Too brief—were such the Lord's behest,
Thy span of life;
Kind mother, with sweet hopeful pledges blest,
And tender wife!
Such feeling ties at once to rend!
'Tis past, fair saint,—thou had'st another friend
Who, having loved his own,—still loves them to the end.
Even He, who, at Tabitha's grave,
The dead reclaimed;
At Nain, at Bethany, stood forth to save,—
Immanuel named!
He, by thy pillow, though unseen,
Stood,—bade thee live beyond our mere terrene—
Beyond the Jordan's wave, in fields of living green.
Short-sighted mortals, how we grieved—
O, spirit blest!
Forgetting, in thy tortures unrelieved—
God's way is best.
When strength gave way,—and pain on pain
Announced grim Death's inexorable reign,
Oblivious of the truth that we shall meet again.

Death found thee on that final day,

No "death-bed saint ;"

Long days and years it had been thine to pray,

And not to faint.

Such, from dear childhood, was the zeal

Thou plainly, in the better cause, did'st feel,

'Twould seem Heaven, from thy birth, had sealed thee with
its seal.

Long, long shall stricken hearts deplore

A loss in you—

Whose right-hand givings to the friendless poor,

The left ne'er knew.

Thy memory, like an incense sweet,

Shall long survive ; yea, weeping friends shall meet,

Of many a rank and grade, thy goodness to repeat.

Farewell ! 'tis yours to wear the crown,

Who bore the cross ;

Not Cradock, nor the land of Ham alone

Bewails thy loss.

Too blest the praise of earth to claim,

Among the gentle and the good thy fame

Shall long descend with Time,—and gild even Chalmers'
name.

IX.

AN ANSWER TO THE "EASTERN
LEGEND" OF "DECANUS,"

PUBLISHED IN THE "STANDARD AND MAIL" NEWSPAPER.

[NOTE.—The "legend" to which this was written in reply, reflected in a satirical manner on the carelessness of the Grahamstown Police authorities in suffering a valuable Painting to be removed one night from the Court-house. The author, in the following verses, alludes to the practical joke from an opposite point of view.]

HAIL, mighty Decanus! grey dotard or boy,
'Tis feared that your brain must have wandered;
Or rhyming dull legends, less time you'd employ,
In Capetown for *Argus* or *Standard*.

Your late peeler ditty was chaunted we know,
To prove an esteem deeply rooted;
You say your historical ken is "so so,"
A fact by no mortal disputed.

Invincible Dulness! no science avails,
To baffle your hardy intention;
Prove this, O Decanus, whose brain never fails,
In something akin to invention.

To please you—the bobbies up here are no use
In trustworthy station or tussle;
But then, 'tis not every big town can produce,
So worthy a champion as Bussell.*

O, valiant Decanus! 'tis not in your lay
To throw an unworthy aspersion—
So, just reconsider your legend some day,
And doubtless we'll have a new version.

A second "sea-green Incorruptible."

Decanus! in reason, we surely may hope—
Truth seeing you'll fondly unmask it;
And give us the same without figure or trope,
Of Sultan or Haroun-Al-Raschid.

No doubt, as you study and write for our good—
On us you will further have pity;
And earnestly caution—to act as they should,
The night-walking swells of our city.

Attorneys, and sinecure clerks, and M.P.'s—
Of course you'll allude to them faintly,
In hoping they've earned some extra degrees,
By shifting that picture "so quaintly."

From Estment's Red Lion to Leonards' White Horse
Unscathed by the *'Tizer* and *Journal*;
The blessed night zephyr is turned in its course,
Or stunk by their howlings nocturnal.

Propriety surely such conduct condemns!
And truly Decanus can show it—
Your squibs upon Deans, and C.C.'s., and R.M.'s
In mercy forbear, Master Poet.

Advise our good sinecure clerks and M.P.'s,
And likewise our briefless attorneys,
To study their credit and think of their ease,
By keeping from venturous journeys.

On Law and on Justice, by night or by day,
When Kafirs and Fingoes would trample,
How can we in conscience, presume to say Nay,
If law-makers set the example?

X.

LINES ON THE
DEATH OF FRANCES HOPE,
INFANT DAUGHTER OF S— AND W— A—.

FRANCES HOPE! an early hour
Sees thee numbered with the dead!
As in adverse winds; the flower
Droops its unrepining head.

Friends have wailed thee brokenhearted,
But thy "token" had not failed;
Thou hadst wept no love departed—
Thou no friendship hadst bewailed.

Of thy hispings talked of Father,
Uttered in undying love;
Not for earth; those accents rather
Indicated one above.

Pains and sorrows thou survivest,
And for aught we mortals know,
Consolation thou derivest
From remembrances below.

In His promise, never broken,
Hope remains for us and thee;
Knowing Him, by whom 'twas spoken,
"Suffer them to come to me."

Joy beyond the world's undoing
To our darling now is given;
Earthly claims no more pursuing,
Her dear birthright is in Heaven.

•

XI.

ON ANOTHER INFANT.

BABY son ! thou hast too early
Gone the way that all must go !
Touching some lone hearts—how nearly
Other bosoms never know.

Two young hearts, bewildered, smitten,
For this infant of their love ;
Whose sweet name, unnamed is written
With the sinless names above.

Cull the summer's fairest blossom,
On the darling's grave to blow ;
Emblem to each tender bosom
Of a fairer flower below.

Still in Jesus trusting, knowing,
How his arms caressed the young ;
Wipe the tears too freely flowing,
Comforted in heart and tongue.

Think not all the pleasures given,
In a world of woe and pain ;
Could entice your child from heaven
To our sinful world again.

Parents young—O, deem it sweeter,
To the loved one gone before—
That you live prepared to meet there
Where sad partings are no more.

XII.

O D E

ADDRESSED TO WOODROFFE'S
GLASS STEAM ENGINEON ITS RETURN FROM THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

O WELCOME to Albany ! welcome again,
Fair duplicate, dazzling Aurora !
Now plain as a dial-plate ; now to our ken,
Obscure as the box of Pandora.

Repeat, grand instructor of infant and sage,
The weird demonstrations so truthful :
Imparting to childhood the wisdom of age,
To age a return of things youthful.

'Tis whispered by Fame that you lately have been
With rubies and garnets at muster ;
Yet these—right and left of the fairy machine,
Could little detract from its lustre.

If worth be the treasure, and beauty the test,
Enchanter ! what rival's before you ?
Against all the diamonds of Griqualand West,
We match the bright eyes that adore you.

The Genii of Bagdad for ages confined,
In thee seem to burst their enthrallment,
Thou rare combination of matter and mind,
Of science our fairest instalment.

Thy voice, in our senate, to East and to West,
Shall come with an influence soothing ;
Our rough grizzly continent needs such behest,
In delving, and paring, and smoothing.

Instruct, in like lore, when you bid us adieu,
 Other lands you are fated to enter,
 To the Stars and the Stripes, and the Red, White and Blue,
 Ever form an appropriate centre.

Other eyes shall behold you with wonder like ours,
 Other tongues chaunt your praise, and not weary,
 Other hearts, other intellects, draw from your powers
 Other spells, as from regions of Fairy.

While other machines tell of carnage and strife,
 Of Peace you're the type and director;
 Let tankards be dry, when we cease during life
 To pledge glorious Woodroffe in nectar.

XIII.

THE MONARCHS OF ENGLAND SINCE THE CONQUEST.

A RHYME FOR BOYS.

FIRST of his line, see Norman William reign;
 Then William Rufus, by Watt Tyrrel slain.
 Next Beaulerc Harry is the nation's choice;
 Then despot Stephen of the line of Blois.
 Next Hal the Second, of his sons ashamed;
 First Richard next, as Cœur de Lion famed.
 Then Lackland John, who Magna Charta signed;
 Then Hal the Third—of just but feeble mind.
 Edward the First, renowned for power and pride;
 Next Edward, who in Berkeley Castle died.
 A third King Edward wears the English crown;
 A second Richard soon by friends put down,
 Then reigns fourth Henry *alias* Bolingbroke;
 Next mad-cap Hal, who forced on France his yoke.
 Sixth Henry lingers through a troublous reign;

Fourth Edward next, incontinent and vain.
 Fifth Edward, victimised before his time;
 Then Crook-back Richard reigns his reign of crime.
 Seventh Henry rules: for plodding avarice famed;
 Then bluff King Harry—Borgia better named.
 Sixth Edward reigns, crowned with too early bays;
 Then Mary: text alike of blame and praise.
 Then virgin Bess—high paragon of dames;
 Then “high and mighty” Caledonian James.
 Then Baby Charles the martyr’s crown attains;
 (When crownless Oliver even more than reigns)
 Next Charles the Second, “Merry Monarch” styled;
 Then Second James, by friends and fate beguiled,
 Dutch William claims his matrimonial winnings;
 Next Anna rules; half ruled by Sarah Jennings,
 Four Georges reign; then Will, the Sailor Prince;
 Last Good Victoria: monarch ever since.

 XIV.

O D E :

C Y P R U S .

O! BRITAIN, far and wide—
 Of classic Cyprus tell;
 How Bragadino died—
 How Famagosta fell.

To men unborn pourtray,
 In words of living truth,
 That Samson of his day—
 That warrior from his youth.

A boy he—nothing loath
 For God to suffer loss,
 Enlisted with an oath
 As soldier of the cross.

Tell how—when Cyprus paled
Before the crescent ray,
One bosom never quailed—
One helmet shunned no fray.

One hand forbore no stroke—
One voice could legion call;
To break the Moslem yoke,
Or—by the cross to fall.

Tell how the mangled head
Of brave Nicosia's chief
Brought to his heart no dread,
Who sought from heaven relief.

Resound their valiant might,
Who would have Cyprus free;
Or Famagosta's site
A last Thermopylæ.

O! sad, protracted seige,
Where many a thousand died,
Who would not own as leige,
One who the cross denied?

No Christian in the fight
By famine fell or sword,
But sent to endless night
Ten scoffers of his Lord.

And Bragadino reigns,
We rest not unassured;
What odds, though he the pains
Of martyrdom endured!

Mark every dying word
From out his bosom true;
Summed up: "Forgive them Lord—
They know not what they do."

And truth, prophetic works,
 In dying words and vow ;
 O, Famagostaen Turks !
 Where is your crescent now ?

XV.

BAR PORTRAITS.

PORTER.

SAGE Nestor ! all our own—
 To whom, at any hour,
 No depth of Law's unknown
 But thy own depth of power.

DE WET.

The ermine soon to claim,
 Live *thou* the passing day—
 Friend, rival, fate and fame
 Can ne'er obstruct thy way.

BROWN.

From Study's iron track
 Thou rarely turn'st thy head
 And leavest (what we lack),
 Much done, and little said.

BARRY.

Adorer, to the dust,
 At Polyhymnia's fane !
 With whom a cause, if just,
 Or won or lost is gain.

A. W. COLE.

Long Africa shall boast
 Of thee, her gifted son!
 —As every party's toast,
 Yet slave or tool of none.

THOMPSON.

Among us late arrived
 Sure was thy hold on fame!
 O had'st thou but survived,
 Marcellus were thy name.

XVI.

ENIGMA.

FROM Grahamstown to Kaffraria,
 One fair September day,
 Myself and gay companions two
 Went early on our way;
 Nor thought of breakfast till in view
 Of welcome Breakfast Vley.

Some tasted what would raise a spree,
 And others from the spring;
 Some boasted tall exploits in glee,
 And some were game to sing;
 Not even Kings could merrier be,
 Till we arrived in "King."

Long eighty miles of bushy heights,
 And vales, and sunny braes,
 Prepared us on that sight of sights—
 King Williamstown—to gaze.
 O, three so happy! three such nights
 O, three such glorious days.

Yet, had we something used for "scold,"
 And something rhymed with "clay"
 Combined, such journeys I'll be bold
 Should more resemble play,
 And scenes seem near to young and old,
 Which now seem far away.

XVII.

ENIGMA.

My tell-tale verse would bring to light
 A sacrilegious beast,
 Who prowled, one blessed Sunday night,
 And robbed a Worthy Priest.*

Priest called on Parsons† for advice,
 Who soon the truth did fish up
 Secured the culprit in a trice,
 And hauled him round to Bishop.‡

His lordship said:—"Ah me: 'tis sad!
 Such crimes deserve a rope;
 We'll make a croppy of the lad;
 Just send away for Pope."§

Pope then appeared! the man whose power
 Can mightiest crowns control;
 And whose dominion every hour,
 Extends from Pole to Pole!

Long be such amity increased;
 And thieves may now leave town,
 Since, Bishop, Parsons, Pope and Priest,
 Conspire to put them down.

* A person of that name. † The Chief Constable. ‡ The Jailer.
 § The Barber.

Now from four-fifths of what's *a spell*,
And half *sound state of mind*,
A lovely bond of union tell
That should all Christians bind.

XVIII.

ENIGMA.

FROM white saloons and clubs expelled—
Fred Blanco loved to call
Where nigger sprints were nightly held;
'Twas termed the great "Black ball."

To be a Templar then he tried,
Without remorse or doubt;
But, on the evening he applied,
The fool was black-balled out.

The Foresters he talked to next—
Who eyed him as a rogue;
And vowed they'd take him unperplexed,
If outlaws were in vogue.

The good Freemasons spurned him too,
As though he were Old Nick!
And said—"We cannot build with you,
Because you're not a brick."

To be an Oddfellow he sought—
But failed, alas, poor Freddy!
For being, as the Order thought,
Quite Odd enough already.

Saint Patrick's sons, with gay encore,
His claim, in turn, repelled;
Their saint, it seems, from Erin's shore,
Such reptiles had expelled.

Now—with what makes our judgments sway
Too often from the Right—
What men to their superiors pay
Judiciously unite.

In all, three syllables compound—
Which had poor Fred possess'd
A sterling passport had been found
To rank him with the best.

XIX.

PETITION TO A LICENSING BOARD.

SAGE counsellors all, of the Licensing Board!
To this my petition your audience afford;
And grant, for the sake of your worthy renown,
No further increase of canteens in this town.
Vile drink! with submission I ask what's enjoyed by it?
While hourly some wretch is disgraced or destroyed by it.
If some, by the skin of their teeth, can pull through with it,
The folks who act wisest have nothing to do with it.
Imprimis, friend Bosch, whose acquaintance I claim,
Declares every license akin to his name;
Joy writes that their applicants put him to grief,
Bright Page bids them all turn over a new leaf.
Friend Sable gives out that their conduct is black,
Yea, ambulant Futter declares they must track!
Cave thinks they should hide where no mortal can pry,
And Bird threatens hard their dominions to fly.
Read vows that it pains him their crimes to peruse,
Wynn thinks speculations like theirs ought to lose.
Whitehorn puts them down as but greenhorns at best,
While Jokum pronounces them not worth a jest.
Strong vows drink has made him as weak as a child,
And tame as a tabby it leaves Jerry Wylde.

Ben Rich says it makes him as poor as a gipsy,
Ned Seaton—of course 'tis Old Nick makes *him* tipsy.
Tom Hand will acknowledge it taught him to pilfer,
Jack Gold says 'twill shortly reduce him to silver.
Heart says it has changed his whole nature to flint,
Old Penn plainly swears to expose it in print.
Marsh says that our city resembles a fen,
But Daniel gives out 'tis a mad lion's den.
Bold swears that their hubbubs have made him afraid,
And Glass says 'twould break him to mix in the trade.
Wise gravely avers that he's not to be fooled,
King says drunken subjects are ill to be ruled.
Tarr vows that with feathers—he'd show them some tricks,
Then Tongue would go in, for amusement, big licks.
Fray says, if provoked, he would hammer the pack of them,
And Wrangel declares he'd fight every man Jack of them.
Paine hints that deep drinking robs Age of its reason,
Wright vows it is wrong, and Law vows it is treason.
Priest tells how, in wine, he forgets his Latinity,
Divine says 'tis shocking to all true Divinity.
Bale says, in all conscience, 'tis baleful to name,
Even Dyce has pronounced it a very bad game.
Cloud says that wine intellects go by the moon,
In Harper's opinion they're all out of tune.
Brooks hopes with pure water his lips he can moisten,
Dan Young says he's old enough not to drink poison.
Canteens have put poor neighbour Meek out of patience,
Till Cousins intends to disclaim such relations.
Friend Baird has decided they'll shave him no more,
Nay, Pierce with his gimlet, their puncheons would bore.
Jim Brittain denounces each sot as a vandal,
While Scanlan puts down the whole trade as a scandal.
Nay, more—it makes Gush overflow with dejection,
Till Guard says the swindle should have no protection.
Foot's path it has rendered as slippery as marl,
There's Gumm—it has rusted him—lock, stock, and barrel.
Now, gentlemen, think you what else I should add?
More names, if you want them are soon to be had;
I speak as to wise men; mark well what I say;

And then your Petitioner ever shall pray.
Remaining, kind sirs, in the spirit you wish me all,
Your dutiful, rhyming memorialist,

ISHMAEL.

Grahamstown, May 21, 1877.

XX.

THE WONDERFUL BABY.
ON HER VISIT TO SOUTH AFRICA.

BRIGHT, ethereal, infant wonder!
On whose peerless worth and years,
Multitudes in smiles and tears,
Gather round to ponder.
Dazing, baffling, and confounding
All attempts thy spell to gauge;
There you glide—to youth and age—
Marvellous, astounding!
Still, on infancy's fair portal—
Pure, spontaneous—uncontrolled;
Art thou *one*, or many souled;
From above or mortal?
How avails it, from what region,
Cold or torrid thou hast come!
Every country is thy home—
For thy name is legion.
Where dost thou thy magic borrow
When in sad and plaintive ditty
Thou dost wring our hearts with pity,
For the child of sorrow?
Beam of light!—art thou ideal?
Give our bosom some relief;
Tell us thy transcendant grief
Is assumed—not real.

While our inmost inwards burn
 Baby cherub—fly not so!
 To dispel the crushing woe,
Magic child, return!

To our lighter fancies paint—
 Play not with the sisters' loom,
 Rouse our mirth with "Buy a Broom"—
Or poor Jerry's plaint.

Thou hast lighter powers than tragic!
 When Hibernian, Ted, or Barney,
 Shakes his club in love or blarney,
'Tis thy wand of magic.

Venus, or Aurora Raby,
 Might in walking stay their haste,
 When in dulcet tones thou say'st:—
"Do not wake the Baby!"

Be our hearts with thee delighted,
 And may all our fireside wars,
 Ending like thy "household jars"—
Leave us more united.

Baby—Hark! is this thy singing,
 Or the music of the spheres?
 Siren murmurs to our ears
Thou perchance art bringing.

Is it Nightingale—or Enson—
 That obeys thy magic call?
 Nay, 'tis one outvies them all—
This is Baby Benson.

XXI.

ELEGY:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF THE
HON. WILLIAM PORTER, C.MG.,
WHO DIED AT BELFAST, IRELAND, 13TH JULY, 1880.

THE mighty falls: Time's restless wing
Has sped the day,
For Him!—beloved as Camelot's blameless King,
To pass away.
And briny tears bedew the date
In which that life so marvellously great,
Our friend—grand Porter's self—succumbs, at last, to Fate.
He died at home: his labour ceased
Where it began;
While gathering honours, with his years increased;
Colossal man!
To Africa—that long abode,
His work and love discharged the debt he owed;
Long toil of years—to him—Life's grandest Episode.
The Libyan clime, in youth became
His destined soil;
Where Time and Fate, the laurels of his fame,
Can ne'er despoil.
A grateful Continent shall pour
Her griefs for him whose face we see no more;
And mourn as great a man as ever touched her shore.
Mourn, soil of grief, your champion bold,
Whose work is done;
Mourn, land of Ham, as Egypt did of old
For Jacob's son.
The mighty falls!—the Chieftain high—
Whose worth not Vaal nor Treasury could buy,
Had reached his native land, and reached it but to die

Approach his grave ; O, sight sublime !

“ Last scene of all.”

Let kindred spirits of the olden time

Attend his pall.

First that Athenian, who alone

In days of tyranny—not since unknown—

With voice of thunder moved the Macedonian throne.

Let Aristides, too, be there—

The just one still :

’Tis not in Death—on land, or sea, or air,

Such minds to kill.

Let mighty shades press to the van—

From Cataline’s arraigner to the man,

Who raised a righteous wail for injured Hindostan.

Let crowding myriads view in tears,

The hero’s grave ;

Earth yields to earth : a mortal disappears,

No love can save.

Lost but to sight ; in fame alive,

Long shall his name our blinding tears survive,

And numbers from his dust, true virtue long derive.

Repose, great one, in lasting rest

Dear friends among ;

What rank, what tribe, what country loved thee best

Remains unsung.

Pride of the Senate and the Bar !

’Tis ours, alas ! to wail thy loss afar,

Who, ’neath the Southern Cross, long hailed thee as a star.

Thou wert our Statesman—to apply

Wise Councils best ;

No selfish partisan to raise a cry

For EAST or WEST.

Prepared for Right to stand or fall—

Deaf to the foeman’s threat, or bigot’s call—

’Twas thine to live and die, the sire and friend of all.

Who shall succeed thee in our love ?
Who fills thy chair ?
Shall we—ignoring succour from above,
Yield to despair ?
No, never, while in hour of need,
A champion stands, as he who runs may read—
A SPRIGG well worthy power ; yea, PORTER to succeed.

XXII.

THE MODERN “BUSY BEE”

(A PARODY FROM DR. WATTS).

How doth the tippler, hale and strong,
Destroy the hours that pass ;
And gather poison, all day long,
From every flowing glass !

How fondly, to the landlord's till,
He pays his weekly tax ;
And labours hard the same to fill,
With every cent. he makes.

By works of labour, or of skill,
Pure water should abound—
For poison-draughts, by Bacchus still,
For thirsty mouths are found.

In libraries and reading-rooms,
Our evenings should be spent :
That we may have, when morning comes,
No cause for discontent.



SONGS.



I.

THE GOOD TEMPLARS' SONG.

INSCRIBED TO THE BRETHREN OF THE ARK OF SAFETY
LODGE, No. 15.

Tune—"Auld Lang Syne."

WHEN man at first by crime uncurst,
Great Nature's laws obeyed;
And nectar pure, as streams ensure,
His early thirst allayed.
Long summers rolled—in centuries told,
Unmixed his cup with gall;
In sphere or zone, unfelt, unknown,
The curse of Alcohol.

Thrice golden age! see babe and sage
Their Maker's praise proclaim;
And flower and grain, on hill and plain,
Breathe incense to His name.
'Twas so! 'twas so! till our grand foe,
Who wrought the primal fall,
Improved on sin by forcing in
The curse of Alcohol.

Unchecked, unchained, Intemperance reigned,
And Bacchus was "divine;"
Grape-juice and blood poured like a flood
At his unhallowed shrine.

Yea, many a race, from earth's fair face,
Was banished—one and all!
While more survived, of sense deprived,
By demon Alcohol.

Our Templar days owe boundless praise
To his eternal name,
Whose sceptred hand rules sea and land,
The nations to reclaim.
This home of rest, from woes unblest,
We “Ark of Safety” call;
To Him we owe who shall o'erthrow
The powers of Alcohol.

Like Noah's Ark, our trusty barque
Shall combat wind and wave;
No friend outside we scoff or chide—
Our purpose is to save.
The storm we know shall cease to blow,
The wave no more appal,
Meanwhile come in and safely win
From drowning Alcohol.

Hail, cause divine! hail word and sign!
Hail hieroglyphics three!
The Templars' mail! yea, hail, all hail!
Faith, Hope, and Charity.
Hail, brethren true, green, red, and blue,
And white, which all extol!
No party strife with human life,
No peace with Alcohol.

II.

THE TORTURED OX.

Tune: Colleen Bawn.

YE true and tender Christians, on Africa's wide shore—
Boer, German, French, or Anglican—your pity I implore!
'Tis of a ruthless, savage man, appalling old and young,
That tortured sore a helpless ox, and tore away his tongue.

The time was on a summer day; fair Albany the place;
In eighteen hundred seventy-five—we note the year of
grace;

This monster in the human shape, beneath the azure skies,
To perpetrate his cruelty did compass and devise.

With journeys, blows, and heavy loads, this bullock poor
and dumb,

Down sinking prostrate on the veld, exhausted had become.
And wallowed, foaming at the mouth, with agonizing throes,
While baas dealt out his curses vile, and blows succeeded
blows.

Then shrieked the baas, "If you don't work, I'll see you
shall not eat,

"To mastiffs and to terriers your tongue shall go for meat.

"All Courts and statutes I despise; they reach not here,
because

"Three miles from town we all defy the municipal laws."

With spike and rein, he bored and noosed the tongue of
this poor brute,

And tugged, and pulled, and tore it off some inches from
the root;

The fiercest of the canine tribe, affrighted fled away,
As low in dust, distilling gore, the quivering member lay.

Shame on his heart—if heart he had—who never could
relent;

Shame on their hands—if such were near—that did not
him prevent!

Shame on spectators—white and black—who'd screen such
cruelty;

Shame on their tongues—who could be mute—to spare
such infamy!

Heart-rending was the victim's roar, and weird his hollow
moan;

White-livered was the fiendish laugh, of him whose heart
was stone.

And grim and gory were his looks to every Christian view,
And copious was the purple tide that did his hands embrue.

Meantime the bullock, scarce alive, consigned to fate so hard,
Ran high and low, disgorging blood, from food and drink
debarred;

Arriving at a well-known brook, to drink in vain he tried,
And tried again, and failed again, and failing gasped and
died.

Then old and young rushed far and near, to hear the
doleful tale,

Some faces blushed a scarlet red, some turned a ghastly
pale;

Loud execrations soared aloft, and many a child was *bong*
To pass the dwelling of the brute that lopped the bullock's
tongue.

“Hush, hush!” exclaimed the torturer, “this news will
spread afar—

“’Twill reach the *Journal* and the *Mail*, likewise the
Eastern Star;

“The *Herald* and the *Telegraph* sure wind of it will get,

“Besides the *Capetown Standard*, the *Argus*, and *Gazette*.

For once, indeed, he told the truth, and might have added
too—

South Africa has Magistrates, to law and justice true;

That bullock mutilators unsafely tread her ground
As in the Grahamstown Court-house plain record may be
found.

Now, all ye cattle torturers! mark well and understand,
'Tis law, not brutal violence, that regulates our land:
Though you respect no human law, nor greater power
above,
Respect the statutes now in force, from fear if not from
love.

III.

THE MORMON'S LAMENT.

Tune: Larry O'Gaff.

A MORMON I am, but I've witnessed a fatter day,—
Now I am pining from Sunday to Saturday,
All through becoming a Saint of the latter-day:

Utah's grey hills I in terror behold—
The plates are in jeopardy! holy Saint Boniface!
Zounds! we may look for the "sack" every one of us,
Joe's hieroglyphics must go to the pawn office;
What shall we do for our quarto of gold?

Sing lack-a-day, far away! Brigham Young—hold
your tongue!

Leave our Church in the lurch—Mormonite stormy
night!

Nauvoo and Missouri, without judge or jury,
I wish revelators well butchered or sold.

At cobbling, of old, I excelled in stupidity—
Though all my relations could patch with avidity—
A Mormonite elder I grew with cupidity,

No other berth at the time I could hold.
Two months as a justice I figured, like Romilly,
To punish the poachers or read them a homily,
And oft, on the sly, for my latter-day family,
I purchased my game with my latter-day gold.

Sing, hares for sale! go to gaol, keep the law still
in awe,
Poachers all down must fall—from the same purchase game,
Not Cæsar Augustus could fork out such justice
As Elder Iscariot with latter-day gold.

I weep for the wine and the brandy of Lincolnshire!
Soon shall the proudest amongst us be drinking beer;
Daily and hourly our credit is sinking here;
Even in Utah, our mighty stronghold,
The North and the South put us down as barbarians;
Pity no longer we see them at variance;
Serve them well right, they are Gentile Sectarians,
Dear, how they laugh at our quarto of gold.

Sing hush-a-ba! hum and haw; pen and ink, pause
and think,
Sermon write, Friday night, get my part off by
heart,
'Tis I was ready, like Kean or Macready,
To curse or to flatter, to sigh or to scold.

My curse on you Gentiles! I scoff and I scorn you!
You have no Urims and Thummims to warn you,
Hie to the mountains of far California,
Mysteries, visions, and dreams to unfold.
Here's to the brandy which many a heart tickles,
Down with all monarchy, systems, and particles;
Down with the Church and the Thirty-nine Articles,
Here's to ten wives and a quarto of gold.

Sing, draw the cork, knife and fork, silver prongs,
sugar tongs,
Hoggified, groggified, tie my head, fly to bed,
I tell friend and stranger, the plates are in danger,
We soon may go dig for more quartos of gold.

IV.

ALGOA BAY :

A BALLAD.

By Longkloof's dread summits, all thinly arrayed—
Three sun-smitten travellers reposed in a shade;
Said one, to his fellows: "In vain do I try
"This fever to combat! Go leave me to die.
"Cheered on, by your hardy endurance and smiles,
"With death have I wrestled, these long dreary miles,
"But now 'tis all over; proceed on your way;
"Nor hope e'er to see me in Algoa Bay."

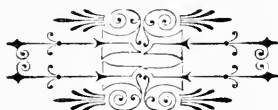
Long hours they entreated—but finding it vain—
Now sadly encountered their journey again:
O'er gloomy Kromm-river most perilous steered,
And from the dim view of their friend disappeared.
"Farewell, my companions"—lone Ishmael cried—
"Enjoy every good to this bosom denied;
"And when it reposes in silence and clay,
"May fortune await you in Algoa Bay."

Sweet sleep—friend alike to the sovereign and slave,
Relieved him; it was not the sleep of the grave;
Till, starting, a voice, like a hurricane cried,
"Why here madly slumber? Awake, *suicide!*"
Some power now assisting, he stood unamazed—
A tiger's fell countenance full on him gazed,
And left him less time than occasion to say,
"Farewell, my companions, and Algoa Bay."

No moment was lost! with a force not their own,
The hands of our traveller upheaved a huge stone,
Which at the grim feline invader, let fly,
To darkness for ever consigned his right eye.
With one eye too many, the charge he renewed,
Like Gorgon or hydra, unquailed, unsubdued.
Ah, doubly had Ishmael occasion to say—
"Farewell, my companions, and Algoa Bay."

Fierce, fierce was the monster, adjusting his spring,
And swift as Jove's bird, or a falcon on wing,
But the traveller, low bending, eluded his foe,
Who hurled himself down to the valley below—
Sheer down the steep cliff sending forth his last yell,
Six times fifty feet from the summit he fell—
Gashed, broken, and shattered, and gory he lay;
And Ishmael proceeded to Algoa Bay.

And passed the Kromm-river—and musing resigned,
These words, like a moral, arose to his mind:—
“On Life's chequered path, be the eye bright or dim,
“Till Death comes for you—better seek not for him.”
The lark ceased her warbling—and Sol had gone down,
As Ishmael entered fair Humansdorp town;
From whence, quite refreshed, he departed next day—
And found his companions in Algoa Bay.



EPIGRAMS.

I.—ON A CERTAIN ALLEGED ROBBERY.

Some evenings since, with safe dispatch and ease,
A robbery was committed; more's the pity!
It happened while the folks at *Committee's*
Were in the parlour holding their committee.

II.—ON THE CONTESTED ELECTION BETWEEN MESSRS.
FLEMING AND CHRISTIAN.

True men of the East, who have taxes to pay,
Of greater or lesser amount,
Be certain you show yourself Christians to-day,
Or you'll soon have a Flemish account.

III.—ON THE INSOLVENCY OF A MR. LOSER.

If Loser gains his liberty
Without defraying cost,
The question naturally will be,
How much has Loser lost?
The creditors who next him sue
(As debt is not a crime)
Will, like himself, be losers too,
Sad losers of their time.

IV.—ON IDEALITY.

[NOTE.—The following stanza is merely an experiment as to the “smallest” and “largest” number of letters possibly compassable in a line of seven syllables. The first line of the stanza contains but ten letters, and the last forty-six,—both lines exactly equal in feet.]

I, O, Ideality,

Find thee darker than the tombs:

Business comes: O ecstasy!

Straight bright thoughts pierce through these glooms.

V.—ON A STROKE OF “BUSINESS.”

A GAME of marbles late came off
Between two youngsters, Moys and Goff;
Goff defrauded Master Moys,
As he does all the other boys.

VI.—A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

JANE swooning lay, as with averted eye,
Demar and Dives passed contemptuous by;
Earth's vilest thieves, by Plague and Famine led,
Had stripped and wounded, leaving her half dead,
Yet others pass, and some who, to their *shame*,
No Apostolical succession claim!
One such Samaritan appears in view—
I write no parody, 'tis simply true—
His purse, his grief, his sympathy and tears
Restore the lost one, and allay her fears,
While Priest and Levite, ripe for glory grown,
Pass cheaply on to Heaven, by faith alone!
Thrice happy saints, to whom alone 'tis given
To tread in peace the royal road to Heaven,
While, all in vain, outsiders pray and fast,
Do good, trust Heaven, and are damned at last!

VII.—TO ONE WHO ENQUIRED WHETHER CERTAIN
VERSES OF MINE WERE ORIGINAL OR COPIED.

YOUR wide-awake hat—bespeaks you no *flat*,
Politely inquisitive Solon!
But if it be fair—say how came it there?
Your own lawful purchase, or stolen?

VIII.—ON CANTEENS.

IN Grahamstown City; Eighteen sixty-four,
“Nixdorff,” a name stood high above a door;
Above Canteens it might be placed and should,
As Nixdorff, in our language, means—No good.

IX.—ON BEAUTY.

Our shopping lasses think it hard to yield,
In beauty, to the lilies of the field;
Themselves are lilies, or not far akin,
They grow; they toil not; neither do they spin.

X.—ON FIRST LOVE.

FIRST love is a paradox true!
We languish, but cherish the pain;
Behold what is far from the view,
Are captives, yet cling to our chain.

XI.—ON BEING ASKED WHEN HOMER “FLOURISHED.”

WHEN Homer *flourished*? I’m astray;
And blunders are improper;
But, if it suits you, I can say—
What time he was a pauper.

XII.—ON A PUBLICAN NAMED “NURSE.”

LONG Sandy Nurse, had a long, long purse—
 And a long, long custom he drew;
 To innocent youth he was long a Nurse—
 And a jolly good *wet* nurse too.

XIII.—ON LAW AND CIVILITY.

WHAT anxious crowds, to hear and see,
 To the *civil* courts repair!
 Alas for man, if civility
 Is experienced only there!

XIV.—ON COURT MUSIC.

OUR Magistrate keen, makes a witness look green
 Who with falsehood or crime would conspire;
 I thought him one day, like a harper at play,
 For I knew he was sounding a lyre (*liar*).

XV.—ON A LATE PUBLICATION.

A RHYME is published on Predestination,
 Which for the writer some reproof has gained,
 But this he answers, in self-vindication,
 Like all things else, it must have been *ordained*.

XVI.—ON A CERTAIN STREET “ROW.”

I’ve been where our swells, near rival hotels,
 Exchanged many a bumper and blow;
 If such is allowed, it must be avowed
 That *High*-street has sunk very *low*.

XVII.—ON GIN.

IN Lexicons, gin as a trap is defined,
 And no mortal to question it dares;
 For all must confess, who are gin-ward inclined,
 They've a path interwoven with snares.

XVIII.—ON SOUTH AFRICAN GAS.

DARK are our streets, though statesmen of renown
 Are ever promising to light the town!
 And stranger still! it always comes to pass
 Their promises begin and end in gas.

XIX.—ON A BOOK ENTITLED "LADY AUDLEY'S
SECRET."

WHILE secrets ungodly of poor Lady Audley,
 In mystery long have enwrap her,
 'Tis a secret, no doubt, how the tale is spun out,
 That could well have been told in a chapter.

XX.—ON PRESIDENT BRAND'S WAR PROCLAMATION.

O HANNIBAL BRAND! no patience can stand
 Your fiery intentions returning;
 Have sense in your skull, and beg Mr. Bull
 To pluck you a *brand* from the burning.

XXI.—ON A BAD TEETOTALER.

"AWAY with the rascally bottle,"
 Is the burden of Tippleton's song;
 And to come within range of his throttle,
 Its days will not vastly prolong.
 'Tis only when liquor is distant
 He counts on a peaceable day;
 However, he's pretty consistent
 To wish his worst foe in the *clay*.

XXII.—ON A BAD GOOD TEMPLAR.

A WORTHY Chief Templar should be an Exemplar,
 To all who have poortith or pelf;
 * But good Mr. Minions has other opinions.
 And goes and gets muggy himself.

XXIII.—ON THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF A TEETOTALER
NAMED GREEN.

A CERTAIN Teetolar applied for a tap,
 To moistify African leather;
 But the Big-wigs in Conneil refused the poor chap,
 For they found him too GREEN altogether.

XXIV.—ON REFORMATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

"THERE'S silk in the Colony!" everyone cries;
 And in such an age of Reforms,
 From clerical councils, it might be as wise
 To turn to the Diet of Worms.

XXV.—ON A PUBLICAN BREAKING HIS WATCH.

DEAR host of the Swan, lay your watch on the shelf,
 And wish it no more with Old Nick;
 Already enough it resembles yourself--
 Not likely in haste to give Tick.

XXVI.—FOR THE TOMB OF A CERTAIN COLONIAL
GENERAL.

HERE Commandant Praat, in immortal career,
 Passed off like the monarchs of Banquo;
 The peer of Don Quixote in hurling the spear,
 And, in feasting, the rival of Sancho.

XXVII.—ACROSTIC EPITAPH—WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

My own, for ever, though the wasting grave
 All that, of thee, is mortal may retain—
 Restored by One, Omnipotent to save—
 Your lot and mine shall yet be one again.

XXVIII.—ON A RICH USURER.

Tom reckons it wisdom, in business, to treat
 Every stranger untried, as a knave, or a cheat;
 At least 'tis a policy, all may discern,
 That few in *his* company ever unlearn.

XXIX.—ON A LATE OFFICIAL.

WHEN public swindlers, taken in their fraud,
 Deplore their guilt, by justice over-awed,
 What rare exception does the Cape afford?
 What canting martyr, by old maids adored?

What heartless Jefferies, to his trust untrue,
 Who nought of justice but the bandage knew,
 Who, tracked to plunder, cons his mummery still?
 Let echo thunder—John Montgomery Swill.

XXX.—THE DIAMOND DIGGER.

Dick strayed for work to the diamond Vaal,
 Where thousands led the way,
 And he fared and felt among them all
 Like the hare described by Gay,
 But five huge sparklers made amends,
 And so altered his whole affairs,
 That soon the hare with many friends,
 Was the *friend* with many *hares*.

XXXI.—ON CERTAIN COUNTERFEIT COINS.

OUR counterfeit sovereigns may have a career,
 Like other unworthy pretenders,
 But the guilt superficial must soon disappear,
 Disclosing the guilt of the vendors.

XXXII.—LINES: WRITTEN UNDER VON WITT'S PORTRAIT.

GREAT Few; who keep the Many in such awe;
 Yet hold in scorn the Finisher of Law;
 Denounce him hireling to a deed of shame,
 Yea, homicide in everything but name,
 Shut up! or turn the sentimental fudge
 On your proud selves, the Sheriff or the Judge.

XXXIII.—ON A RECENT NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENT.

AN African driller of Cupid's recruits,
 Whose zeal for the good of the trade is,
 Announces a cargo of "cheap ladies' boots."
 Which are cheap? the nice boots or the ladies?

XXXIV.—ON A SAILOR TURNED HORSE JOCKEY.

O INNOCENT Abbey! Like Grandmother's tabby,
 Your claws are too flabby for climbing and that,
 Conceited and gabby, no Paddington cabby
 Was ever so shabby in queering a flat.

XXXV.—ON MODERN CHIVALRY.

[NOTE.—This impromptu was occasioned by the drunken act of a sentry at the Cape Corps Camp, who shot a neighbour's cow that approached his post by night, after challenging said animal in the usual manner.]

BURKE said the days of chivalry were past;
 O empty fallacy, we must allow!
 He should have lived to hail the prowess vast
 Of our grand hero when he shot the cow.

XXXVI.—“GOOD FOR”—TOWARDS A BUILDING.

IN five-and-twenty days from date,
 Without mistake, I calculate,
 Unasked, this Good-for to reclaim,
 In proof whereof I sign my name.

XXXVII.—ANOTHER.

THIS trifle I propose to pay
 Sometime before the First of May;
 Proud if, but once, ere life has flown,
 In God's own house to build a stone.

XXXVIII.—ANOTHER.

THIS opportunity to sign
 A Good-for in the cause divine—
 I hail with gratitude sincere—
 Heaven knows who'll sign or pay next year.

XXXIX.—ON A FAVOURITE WATCH-DOG—POISONED.

HERE Leo, all sinless, lies silent and low—
 The victim of strychnine and malice;
 Breathe, traveller, a prayer for some cowardly foe,
 That he ends not his days on the gallows.

XL.—ON A YOUNG DRINKER.

How hopeful a *Rearing* is Waterkloof Sam!
 How blest his dear father and mother!
 The shirt of the former he'd sell for a dram,
 And the latter's last shift for another.

XLI.—ON A WEATHERWISE PEDANT.

WISE Lynx can demonstrate full soon,
 That Cynthia regulates the rain;
 Small proof is needed that the moon
 Is regulator of his brain.

XLII.—THE APOLOGY.

Addressed to a gentleman at whose place the author once called by mistake, in uniform, and who asked a written Apology.

"Twas I that knocked, sir, calm your stormy face;
 No need to bounce, or snap a fellow's nose off;
 My friend, I see, has left, and in his place,
 "Another King" has come, who "knows not Joseph."
 A long apology you'd have me make,
 And I, in turn, should claim a pair of short ones,
 I but mistook a dwelling; you mistake
 Both my intentions, and your own importance.

XLIII.—TO AN EPICURE, WHO, WITH SOME OTHERS,
HAD PICNICKED NEAR A LABOUR PARTY.

God's truth to the letter,—omniverous Turk,
 No comment illustrative needing;
 Our African *Oxen*, like Job's—are at work—
 While the *Asses* beside them are feeding.

XLIV.—ON THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

THE third Napoleon, in his warlike plan,
 Lost ninety thousand prisoners at Sedan;
 Just twice the number that, to spite our Pitts,
 The First Napoleon took at Austerlitz.

XLV.—AN EASY CHARADE.

My first was "a merry old soul,"
 My second is lord of Creation,
 A Gin-shop is kept by my whole—
 To Grahamstown a devilish vexation.

XLVI.—ON HEARING AN ORATOR NAMED GONG.

Fools pass for men of sense, we say,
 When they can hold their tongue;
 Even as our Gongs no cracks display,
 Until we hear them rung.

XLVII.—THE MUSICIAN'S REPLY.

"To teach *sacred* music," said Richard to Dan,
 "To whom would you have me apply?"
 "I reckon," says Daniel, "myself *is* the man;
 "No music's a *secret* to *I*."

XLVIII.—TO ONE WHO PROMISED TO WRITE AND DID'NT.

Six months and never wrote! Ye gods! how I
 Am offered speeches as a condonation
 Of broken promises! False friendship, fie!
 The wretch who, in a promise, tells a lie,
 Would tell ten others in an Explanation.

XLIX.—MILTONIAN ADMONITION.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Six sons of Ham, to Kowie's fetters doomed,
 Have burst the bounds prescribed to cattle thieves;
 And wooed the mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
 Or sloped, perchance, lone farm yards to invade—
 Beseeching or besieging; hear, attend!
 Boers, burghers, flower of chivalry, who stood
 By Wippenar, and routed fell Moshesh
 At Thaba Bosigo, awake, arise!
 Or be for ever fallen—as Mulciber
 By Saturn's son hurled headlong from the skies.

Blame not these wights unscrupulous, who seem
 For evil only good; lives there who loves
 His pain and would not fly? Where sleeps your thunder,
 Erewhile so puissant deemed? Arm, warriors, arm,
 Pursue, retake the fugitives, nor whine
 In bootless grief, and humiliation meek,
 Contemptibly, the sports of gods and men.

L.—ON RECEIVING A LETTER STYLING ME “INSPECTOR
 OF CLAIMS.”

UNSUGHT appellation! To Truth and what not—
 Such CLAIM as your writer professes—
 Perforce I INSPECT, and would send it to pot,
 To cook with Rejected Addresses.

LI.—SERIOUS AT LAST.

“*Eheu fugaces!*”—Trifles lightly penned,
 Be of the past; not my most thoughtless mood,
 Shall you prolong: more serious items end,
 Like Hogarth’s TAIL-PIECE, or Ambition wooed.
 Hence trifling then! Yet be it understood,
 One solemn thought, even *here* may court the view;
 One guileless Truth shall fitly all conclude,
 ’Tis this,—few sorrows can thy peace undo,
 While THOU can’st be amused; dear friend, W. W.

THE TAP-ROOM DISCUSSION.

A LIFE DRAMA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:—*Landlord, Teetotaler, and Others.*

SCENE:—*A South African Yard, near a Tap-room.*

Enter (in Conversation) LANDLORD AND TEETOTALER.

I.

LANDLORD.

SIGNED the pledge? delicious joke!
 Jolly banter! you, perhaps,
 Indirectly order Smoke,
 Irish malt, or Scheidam Schnapps.

II.

View our brandy, rum, and beer,
 Wine and clear elixir gin;
 Find in Grahamstown better cheer,
 From the Square to Bog-na-Fin.

III.

Every other house in town
 Mixes blue-stone, laudanum, soap;
 This alone has true renown,
 And deserves it, I should hope.

IV.

Lily Gogo, Sarah Klaas,
 Sena Kevitt, Feytji Blyde;
 These, and many a smiling lass,
 Cheer the tap-room—step inside.

V.

You and I too long have been
Friends, each other to disclaim.

TEETOTALER.

Lead the way to your canteen—
I shall see the folks you name.

[*Scene changes to the Bar and Tap-room.*]

VI.

Long, indeed, they have been blest,
If there's happiness in beer!
Lily Gogo, and the rest.
Tell me—are you happy here?

VII.

LILY.

Yah, old Bass!—with two black eyes,
And a heart of guilty woe!
Happiness beneath the skies
Never can this bosom know.

VIII.

SARAH.

Baas! 'tis only on the spree
That I can my cares forget;
Name not happiness to me
Till I've had another *wet*.

IX.

SENA.

I could wish the pledge to sign,
And a last farewell to grog;
If I only might resign
This existence of a dog.

X.

FEYTL.

I was happy on a time,
 Ere I saw this hellish den;
 Till inveigled into crime
 By canteens and wicked men.

XI.

Up, where yon location winds
 Round by Oatlands to the kloof,
 Happy wish my native hinds,
 Blest beneath a parent's roof.

XII.

To this hour I might have been,
 Undisturbed in Virtue's way;
 Landlord! 'twas in this canteen
 My seducer saw his prey.

XIII.

LANDLORD.

Filthy wretches, get away,
 Or you'll have a tale to tell!
 Constable! come here, I say,
 [*A policeman passes.*]
 Send these nuisances to h—ll.

XIV.

Quick! my orders I have given,
 And expect you to obey!

POLICEMAN.

Better send them up to heaven,
 They'll be farther from your way.
 [*Passes on.*]

XV.

FEYTIJIE.

Ha, ha, ha, sweet "charity!"
 "Christian truth," "Salvation's road!"
 Let poor Africanders be
 Damned in their old heathen mode.
 [*Women depart.*]

XVI.

LANDLORD.

Talk of patience after this!
 Glorious riddance! now, dear chum,
 Let us have an hour of bliss;
 Pledge me in vermilion rum.

XVII.

TEETOTALER.

Water, please! and much I think,
 With companions, or alone,
 While so many healths we drink,
 'Twere as well to mind our own.

XVIII.

LANDLORD.

Think you that I recommend
 Drunkenness, sir, in any case?
 What I plead for, worthy friend,
 Is a tumbler in its place.

XIX.

Are you cold? a bumper's good;
 Wet or tired? a glass is *mooi*:
 Oft 'tis medicine and food,
 Noon-day hot, or midnight snowy.

XX.

Cousin Dipper lay, I'm sure,
 Years with ailments of the spine;
 And could never find a cure,
 Till he took to drinking wine.

XXI.

Surely drink is not misplaced
When as medicine applied !
I the like should never taste,
But for pains in my inside.

XXII.

TEETOTALER.

Splendid ! every sot I know
Can some tragedy reveal,
Or some cholic in his toe,
Or some toothache in his heel.

XXIII.

Half the talents thrown away
In apologies for wine,
Might, if cultivated, pay
Better than Golconda's mine.

XXIV.

A—must drink, the night is cold,
B—because the day is hot ;
C—because his wife's a scold,
D—because he knows she's not.

XXV.

E—to pass an hour folorn,
F—to treat a friend in pride ;
G—because an heir is born,
H—because an heir has died.

XXVI.

I—to sing a wooing song,
J—to brace his arm for fight ;
K—when every thing goes wrong,
L—when everything goes right.

XXVII.

M—when sunk in study deep,
 N—when books he would forsake;
 O—to hasten balmy sleep,
 P—to keep himself awake.

XXVIII.

Q—returning home in joy,
 R—in sadness leaving home;
 S—because he soon may die,
 T—because his birthday's come

XXIX.

U—with noonday labour faint,
 V—because his work is done;
 W—that none can call him saint,
 X—that he may talk like one.

XXX.

Y—to patronise a shop,
 Z—alone would drain a well;
 Ask him why? but you may stop,
 He is far too drunk to tell.

XXXI.

LANDLORD.

One to hear you prate would think
 Publicans were beasts of prey,
 Or that wine, and such like drink,
 Were inventions of our day!

XXXII.

I can thank my stars, indeed,
 All mankind are not like you;
 Saints have held a different creed—
 Kings and prophets not a few.

XXXIII.

Solomon, Lot, Noah, Paul,
 (Names which all your Goughs outvie!)
 Have, by deed and precept—all,
 Given your theory the lie.

XXXIV.

David, too, of monarchs best,
 Might be named—the bard divine!
 What, again, of Cana's guest,
 Who turned water into wine?

XXXV.

Read, teetotaller, then from me
 Turn your zeal and never chafe!
 Paul's advice to Timothy
 Few have ever deemed unsafe.

XXXVI.

TEETOTALER.

Scripture with a vengeance! lout,
 Pray go on and justify
 Job's presumption, Gideon's doubt,
 Abram's laughter, Jacob's lie.

XXXVII.

David's murder, Samson's lust,
 Eli's folly, Esau's hate;
 All recorded sins you must
 By such reasoning vindicate.

XXXVIII.

“Curst be man who trusts in man!”
 No exception, saint or sage!
 Hence his follies we may scan
 In the Book's impartial page.

XXXIX.

Noah's drunkenness!—but for this
How transcendent were his fame!
Lot's dark incest—saints of bliss!
Turn we from the deed of shame.

XL.

That the Solomon you claim
To your trade denounces woe;
And that Paul has done the same,
You forget or do not know.

XLI.

What was used at Cana's feast,
To determine who shall dare?
This may be assumed at least,
Nothing was unholy there.

XLII.

Words are there translated "wine"
Which the learned understand
As a drink of Palestine,
Free from the polluter's hand.

XLIII.

What a counterpart you feign,
To your harlot-mongering spree,
Quoting writers who maintain
That no drunkard heaven shall see.

[*Martial music heard.*]

XLIV.

LANDLORD.

Hark! the soldiers are in town,
Rifles bold and Fusiliers!
What can all their sorrows drown?
What can dissipate their fears?

XLV.

Hard alas ! their lot must be,
 After vanquishing our foes ;
 But that—now and then—a spree
 Bids them smile at all their woes !

XLVI.

Now, teetotaller ! just shut up.
 Welcome, welcome, Sergeant Grimes !
[*A Soldier enters.*]

Let us drain a rosy cup
 In regard of olden times.

XLVII.

SERGEANT GRIMES.

Thank you, *friend*, I cannot sip ;
 I but seek some absentees
 Who have given us all the slip—
 Are they in your parlour please ?

XLVIII.

LANDLORD.

No ; but how are Luke McCoy,
 Teddy Hall, and Larry Green,
 Who were once the life and joy
 Of both parlour and canteen.

XLIX.

SERGEANT GRIMES.

Luke is well, but Larry Green,
 Has been smothered in his bed ;
 Drunk he—at tattoo—was seen,
 And *reveille* found him dead.

L.

And another soon shall die :
 Smiling, playful Teddy Hall
 Broke, in drink, his knee and thigh,
 Jumping from the prison-wall.

LI.

Take your poison cup from me!
From my presence far away
Hurl the baited infamy;
That's what leads the world astray.

LII.

Generates more misery
Than all causes yet explored;
Drowns more sailors than the sea,
Kills more soldiers than the sword.

LIII.

LANDLORD.

Well! of all the jumping sots—
Hall, this day you bear the bell!
But you owe me for some pots,
And shall soon, I trust, be well.

LIV.

Many think my heart, I fear,
Harder than a cannon ball.

SERGEANT GRIMES.

Nay, I never thought it clear
That you had a heart at all.

LV.

Making every fool your prey,
Dealing death, disease and woe;
There you gloze from day to day,
Like your prototype below.

LVI.

LANDLORD.

Men who pay high rents must live.

SERGEANT GRIMES.

Vampire! they must also die,

LANDLORD.

Heaven, 'tis hoped, will all forgive.

SERGEANT GRIMES.

Fie, upon you, Vampire, fie.

LVII.

Pardon, then, is in your creed,
Which you may require, ere long;
Vampire, who can pardon need
For a course that is not wrong?

LVIII.

Persevere! and poison more,
Till you need the winding sheet!
With Old Nick run up a score
That your coffers will not meet.

[Departs.]

LIX.

LANDLORD.

Every Good becomes an Ill
If indulged to an excess;
But a glass will never kill,
Never make your credit less.

LX.

Drunkenness and its ills to see,
Need we no teetotal charm;
Grimes till lately would agree
That a little was no harm.

LXI.

TEETOTALER.

That a little cannot kill,
May, of arsenic, be as true;
But the drinker of a gill
Very rarely balks at two.

LXII.

Granting that the cup unblest
Does not wary drinkers kill,
Surely, if "*the least is best*,"
None at all is better still.

LXIII.

You yourself will not dispute
That intemperance is a curse;
If, indeed, the sot's a brute,
His seducer must be worse.

LXIV.

LANDLORD.

Once for all, I disallow
Your inducing men to make
Such a promise, oath or vow,
As three-fourths of them must break.

LXV.

Pious clergymen allege
That the practice is absurd:
Better none should sign a pledge
Than so many break their word.

LXVI.

TEETOTALER.

Ninety-nine *their* pledge may break,
I, the hundredth, mine shall keep;
Must we, sir, the fold forsake,
If it has some worthless sheep?

LXVII.

Close both church and chapel, then,
For, however sad the tale,
Priests and parsons, worthy men,
Oft in their conversions fail.

LXVIII.

Tell them they are idiots all,
 In attempting souls to win,
 Since, as these again may fall,
 They are better left in sin.

LXIX.

LANDLORD.

Saint! in what a moral strain
 All your precepts glibly fall!
 To my mind, 'tis rather plain
 Selfishness lies under all.

LXX.

Your ideas of a knave
 Stamp us very knaves indeed;
 But the paltry *tin* to save,
That's the true teetotaller's creed.

LXXI.

I can say, for my own part,
 But myself I do not praise,
 Every open, generous heart
 Spurns such mercenary ways.

[*A Woman enters.*

Here's a customer! step in
 Prissy Weedon—welcome here;
 Shall I help you to some gin,
 Brandy, "half-and-half," or beer?

LXXIII.

PRISSY.

Ah, good landlord! words would fail
 To depict a case like mine!
 My sad husband is in gaol,
 And I want to raise his fine.

LXXIV.

Here, poor soul! he gets his drink,
 'To my grief, I truly say!
 But of that no more I'll think—
 Only be our friend this day.

LXXV.

Here, last night, he "met a friend"—
 See! ten shillings I have got;
 If ten more you kindly lend,
 We'll repay it, every groat.

LXXVI.

In His Name who rules above—
 By that Heaven we hope to see!
 I implore you! generous prove
 To my hungry babes and me.

LXXVII.

LANDLORD.

I'll not pay your tippler's fine,
 Though it saved his life and yours;
 What curst impudence is thine;
 Waiter! show her out of doors.

LXXVIII.

TEETOTALER.

Woman! here's the sum you seek,
 Which you're asked not to repay;
 Nay, one word you must not speak,
 I'm aware of all you'd say.

[*Woman departs.*]

LXXIX.

LANDLORD.

After this, I'll not pretend
 That you have the worst of hearts;
 Tell me how you'd treat a friend,
 Just arrived from foreign parts?

LXXX.

TEETOTALER.

With his dinner, and a bed,
 If my house had one to spare;
 Or a dollar in its stead,
 To procure him one elsewhere.

LXXXI.

With a coat—if his were bad—
 My best interest and advice;
 But a dose to drive him mad,
 I should spurn at any price.

LXXXII.

LANDLORD.

Very fine! but then he might,
 Aye, and *would*—I'm bound to say,
 Miss the jovial spree that night—

TEETOTALER.

And the headache, too, next day

LXXXIII.

LANDLORD.

Then the poets all were daft,
 From Anacreon to Pye!
 Drew they not their warbling craft
 From our inspiration high?

LXXXIV.

TEETOTALER.

Don't believe it, silly friend!
 Tale unworthy half a thought!
 None, in drink, have ever penned
 What they would not like to blot.

LXXXV.

Pen a letter over-night,
 While the fumes of wine inspire—
 View it then by morning light,
 And 'twill quickly see the fire.

LXXXVI.

LANDLORD.

Burns, your favourite, I believe,
 Was no stranger to the spree;
 What about the glorious eve
 “Rab and Allan came to pree.”

LXXXVII.

TEETOTALER.

Rab and Allan o'er their cheer,
 Were no doubt at midnight gay;
 But a word we do not hear
 Of their state in bed next day

LXXXVIII.

LANDLORD.

What of Cowley, Chatterton,
 Mangan, Dermody, and Moore;
 Bards divine, who everyone
 Quaffed the old elixir pure?

LXXXIX.

TEETOTALER.

Wine brought Cowley to his end,
 Chatterton to suicide,
 Dermody lost every friend,
 Mangan in a workhouse died.

XC.

LANDLORD.

Burns and Moore, with voice and pen,
 Drink have praised in deathless rhyme.

TEETOTALER.

Less the error of the men
Than the error of their Time.

XCI.

Wine was their disgrace and shame;
Ill could they its praises sing!
Milton, far a greater name!
Had his beverage from the spring.

XCII.

Though all poets, priests, and kings
Err, must we adopt their style?
Must we, as in leading strings,
Live by imitation vile?

XCIII.

Nineteenth century—roll on!
Bacchus yet shall be subdued!

LANDLORD.

Hush! Old Gerald of "The Swan"
Comes this way in peevish mood.

XCIV.

Five feet round, and four feet high,
Hear his tramp, the gouty beast!
If the hunks would only die,
Grubs and worms should have a feast.

[*Gerald enters.*]

XCV.

Worthy brother of "The Swan,"
Welcome to our gay canteen;
How has trade been getting on?
Where have you this century been?

XCVI.

GERALD.

I am always losing pots,
Which I here, perchance, may see;
Just advise your thieving sots
How they interfere with me.

XCVII.

LANDLORD.

By the fiend, you'll rue your fill
If my tongue is once let loose
'Twill appear, I'll bet a gill,
That the Swan will prove a Goose.

XCVIII.

Every crib in town I know,
That from handy-folk receives;
Soon shall yours have sunk as low
As the vilest den of thieves.

XCIX.

GERALD.

What about the night you sent
Reuby on the streets to die,
When his fifteen pound was spent,
And no star was in the sky?

C.

LANDLORD.

What about your gambling shop?
Sunday, Monday, all the same!
Now your blasted tongue I'll stop,
If you are not lost to shame.

CI.

GERALD.

Stop it, then, with "half-and-half,"
And success may you attend.

LANDLORD.

Touch! a flowing bumper quaff,
Gerald, to your health, my friend!

CII.

Friends make dull existence sweet!

TEETOTALER.

Yes! what we true friends can call,
'Tis my hour to go and meet
Hundreds such at Temperance Hall.

CIII.

Where, of every stamp and creed,
Rank and calling, sex and age,
Friends are, in God's name, agreed,
Mortal strife with Drink to wage.

CIV.

Where no weeper's tearful eye
Chides us with a husband's fall;
Where no soldier breaks his thigh
Jumping from a prison-wall.

CV.

Where no churl with artful tongue
Friends, like toys, can sell and buy;
Where no wretch, by night, is flung—
Robbed and poisoned—out to die.

CVI.

There we meet, determined all,
To put down your poison cheer,
Every foe to Alcohol
Hail we as a brother dear.

CVII.

May each hour increase the band,
Drunkenness! till your simoon blast
Takes some dictionary stand
With the curses of the past!

(Scene closes.)

F I N I S.

Thus, Reader, once more, as in days that have been,
When bays amaranthine were blooming and green,
In the absence of warblers attendant on spring
The Muses have lent their adorer a string.

And brief are our stages of music and song
From Nebo to Rephidim—"forty years long."
Nor let us despair, if but able to count
For a year in the desert— one day in the mount.

Not Fate—do its worst—shall the minstrel bereave
Of his hope, in this desert a footprint to leave!
On the billowing surge, it shall solace his woe,
Should he sleep with the dolphin and coral below.

Kind friends of his first—to a last closing strain,
Not brooded, nor chaunted, nor echoed in vain,
Nor conscious of sentiment, mean or untrue—
His thanks here prospective is offered,—ADIEU!

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